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ENGRAVED BY J. SARTAIN, FROM A DAG. BY RIDDAY

With sincere regard
I remain yours
J. Chisholm

MEMOIR

OF

REV. JAMES CHISHOLM, A.M.,

LATE

Rector of St. John's Church,

PORTSMOUTH, VA.,

WITH

MEMORANDA OF THE PESTILENCE

WHICH RAGED IN THAT CITY DURING THE SUMMER AND AUTUMN OF 1855.

BY

DAVID HOLMES CONRAD.

1878
CITY OF WASHINGTON

NEW-YORK:

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF EVANGELICAL KNOWLEDGE.

11 BIBLE HOUSE, ASTOR PLACE.

1856.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE author was compelled to prepare this work in a short space of time, amidst many professional and other engagements; nor had he at the time access to Mr. Chisholm's papers, which were in Portsmouth. Those papers have since been received, (that is, such of them as were spared by robbers, who, after the pestilence abated, and before the inhabitants returned, rushed in and plundered and stripped his house, along with many others,) and have been carefully examined. They contain much matter by which this volume might be extended, to the gratification, no doubt, of many readers; but on the whole, the author would not think it expedient to increase its size, to the hazard of its greater circulation.

MARTINSBURG, BERKELEY CO., VA., *March*, 1856.

MEMOIR OF REV. JAMES CHISHOLM.

CHAPTER I.

1815—1832.

Birth — Lineage — Childhood — School-days—Letter of Hon. Mr. Upham — Sunday-school—Love of Music—Innocence of character—Regard for the feelings of others.

THE following entry is yet to be seen in the family Bible of WILLIAM and MARTHA CHISHOLM—preserved by their family; most of whom are yet resident in the town of Salem, Massachusetts:

"JAMES, BORN SEPTEMBER 30TH, 1815."

About forty years after, the newspapers of the town of Salem contained this announcement:

"PORTSMOUTH, VA., *Sept.* 16*th*, 1855.

"The Rev. JAMES CHISHOLM, Rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, died last night, at the Naval Hospital."

Before this event was made known, thousands of anxious hearts, in Virginia and in New England, were awaiting the result of the pestilential fever, which, after sparing this faithful servant of Christ and man of humanity, almost to the end of the fearful yellow-fever visitation of 1855, struck him down on Friday, the 7th of September. If we were to judge from the deep and widely-spread interest felt for this good man, we might say with the wise King of Israel: "A good name is better than precious ointment; and the day of death, than the day of one's birth."

It has been suggested that a sketch of his life, but more particularly a narrative of the close of it, might serve *the Cause*, to which that life was devoted; and in the service of which that life was yielded up, in the martyr-spirit, freely and knowingly.

If "History be Philosophy teaching by example," it is especially true of Biography. The philosophy of human life may be more worthy of note than the philosophy of politics or war. Still more true is it, that the pure example of a holy, consistent Christian life, with its calm, triumphant Christian ending, may teach us better and higher things than the rise and fall of empires.

It is the intention of the person, to whom the honorable task has been assigned of writing a brief sketch of the life of the Rev. JAMES CHISHOLM, to make this little work a true picture of the faithful shepherd under circumstances of the greatest possible dangers and trials.

It is always interesting to know the lineage of the person whose biography is presented to us. In the case of Mr. Chisholm, we may perhaps trace certain distinctive features of character, from his somewhat peculiar ancestry.

His father, William Chisholm, was a Scotch gentleman, of a family allied or belonging to the clan of that name—the chieftain of which has always been known by the definite title of "*The Chisholm.*" The romantic loyalty of the former head of this ancient house, is well succeeded by the piety and patriotism of the present chief.

William Chisholm, son of Alexander and Isabella (Frazer) Chisholm, was born at Inverness, Scotland, on the 24th of September, 1772; and thus by the paternal grandmother, he was derived also from the ancient clan "Frazer." Martha Vincent, the wife of William, and mother of our James Chisholm, was the grand-daughter of Matthew Vincent, an Italian gentleman from Tuscany.

The loyalty of this family to the house of Stuart, down to the rebellion of 1745, is matter of history. At that time the great-grandfather of our gentle Christian pastor, also called William Chisholm—who was a man of great athletic powers, and of tried fidelity to his prince, Charles Edward—was intrusted with the business of carrying some of his most confidential dispatches, which, besides the peril, demanded the utmost celerity and the greatest physical endurance. These trusts were performed so as to call forth the wonder of even the hardy highlanders who were the principal followers of that hapless aspirant to the British throne.

This faithful old adherent of the "Prince" was the last person seen by his grand-son when he left his native land for the sea service, under his cousin, Captain William Frazer, of the ship Friendship. He was thus brought by the vicissitudes of a commercial life, to Boston, where he first settled, and afterwards to Salem.

The father of Mr. Chisholm, who had received his early education in Scotland, died when this son, at the age of twelve, had been but six months in the High-School at Salem. Such an event is always a serious one to a younger son.

The situation of the family made, in this instance, no exception to the rule. It was determined, however, by two elder brothers and a sister, that the plan of life laid out by the father, should be carried out by a thorough collegiate education at their own expense. In treating of his college life we shall see how faithfully both parties fulfilled this family compact—the fraternal guardians by furnishing the means, and the young scholar by assiduity in his studies, and by a full repayment of the expenses of his education out of his first earnings as a teacher.

But let us not anticipate. We should not underrate the very earliest impressions made upon the individual, in deciding upon his character from the exhibitions of his mature life. The importance of this earliest period of life is every day more and more appreciated. The child is father to the man. The fireside influences, the home teachings, the maternal heart-lessons, the treatment by brothers and sisters—must always lay the ground color to the tapestry; and while college-life, new associations, professional studies, and duties, may to some extent overlay this—perhaps adorn it with bright-hued flowers, or deepen the tint with heavier shadows, still the predomi-

nant hue prevails and is never entirely lost; and in times that try and test the soul, while *these* will pass off *that* will shine forth—the primitive maternal stamp and impression. This was eminently true of the subject of our history, JAMES CHISHOLM—the very singleness and inartificiality of his character, made it eminently true of him. Perhaps there never was a man who carried through life more of all that was engaging, ingenuous, and innocent, in childhood, than he did. To the day of his death his tastes were as simple and child-like, as when he was a school-boy in his native town. He enjoyed all the innocent pleasures of life with the zest of early youth. His face had a beaming and happy expression. He was marked by an unstudied, modest, and almost awkward style of carriage; somewhat shrinking and bashful in his attitudes, and rapid in his walk; and a slight lisp in his speech conveyed the idea of a gentle trustfulness in his intercourse.

From his early childhood he esteemed it a *recreation* to pursue any course of voluntary study. He loved to read aloud any thing that interested him. He could be seen, whenever he was permitted, reading aloud to his mother while she was engaged in her domestic duties, such works

as Mungo Park, and Denham and Clapperton's Travels, and many similar works; and as the maternal auditor moved from place to place, in the exercise of her needful household duties, little James would shift his position from spot to spot, so as to reach her ear—sometimes sitting at the bottom of a flight of steps, sometimes standing by her side, book in hand, reading aloud to his mother. All the time that he was at school he was a morning student. From his earliest childhood, through life, he was an early riser: he might be seen by the lark, before sun-rising, at the window of a little room which he had chosen for his study, poring over his books. There being no fire in it was no sufficient cause to drive him from his perch, until the cold of a northern winter brought him down to the family rooms. Though small of stature, he was blessed with excellent health and its concomitant, (when preserved by temperance,) buoyant spirits; there was something of the great-grandfather William's power of endurance of physical toil, and love of bodily exercise, in him. He was a great walker—never neglected his daily walk, and frequently, when a student at Cambridge, he would walk over to Salem, seventeen miles, without fatigue or exhaustion; and long after

these days, when he resided at Hedgesville, his country parish in Virginia, his mountain parishioners would wonder, when they would meet their pastor in his lonely walks upon the mountain-side, what Mr. Chisholm could possibly be *seeking after* among the hills and hollows of their romantic mountain country.

In March, 1830, he entered the Latin School of Salem. Here he was prepared for college, and from which, in due time, he was sent to the University of Harvard. It remained to his brothers and a sister to carry out his father's intention of giving him a complete university education. The object of this fraternal kindness has fully paid back this aid: *first, literally*, by working for, earning, and returning the outlay *in solido;* but more, a thousand-fold more satisfactorily, in the fruits of those labors which his attainments made effectual. The redeemed souls of many, black and white, seals to his sacred ministry; the luminous example shining now in the eyes of all men, through his noble, devoted, martyr-like services in the pestilence-stricken community. May this example live for the encouragement of others to aid a struggling youth. Even twenty-five years after, a friend of the family, distinguished in the political

world, and a trusty and watchful friend of their brother, thus writes to the brother:

"I know well the generous efforts and sacrifices made by you, and other members of his family, to secure his education; and the persevering firmness and resolute strength of purpose with which he surmounted obstacles, and pursued his object to the end."

Truly, it is more blessed to give than to receive. If we only could remember what a glorious usury of blessing is the certain reward of disinterested, self-denying kindness to others, we should be more willing than we are to lay up our treasure where no one can break through and steal the principal, and where the interest, in a liberal per cent, is often paid out to us *here*, by the *all-bountiful Keeper of the fund*.

This same constant and judicious friend of the family had his attention first drawn to them by observing James Chisholm at the examination of the scholars of the Grammar School, when Judge Story, since so widely known as a great jurist, delivered the prize of a book to this gentle little boy. This gentleman, known in the highest councils of the Republic, and as one of her historians, in referring with warm feeling to his young *protégé*, says:

"About a quarter of a century ago, my attention was particularly attracted to a gentle and amiable lad in our Latin School. His frame was slight; but it was evident, even then, in his childhood, the abode of an intellect more than ordinarily spiritual and elevated. . . . . There was something, even then, quite noticeable, indeed, I might say, very peculiarly attractive, in his aspect and deportment. His expression was benignant, gentle, and intelligent. *A lovely spirit shone through his pure and transparent countenance.* Decision and meekness were, at once, each traced with extraordinary distinctness in his manners and bearing. From that time I have cherished a special interest in him, encouraging him in the pursuit of an education, and rejoicing in his usefulness as a Christian minister. He was graduated with honorable distinction at Cambridge, in 1836. The records of the University attest the success of his efforts, and the honorable parts assigned him in the public performances of his class, show that he stood among its first scholars."

I need not say that he was a regular attendant upon church and upon the Sunday-school. His taste for sacred music and high proficiency in the art, was first imparted by the Sunday-school singing, which he loved to join in. One of the most remarkable characteristics of this excellent man was his purity of mind. Ridicule could not touch him. He received what was intended as a sneer, oftentimes, in such a simple, thankful spirit, as an intended favor or compliment, that the blush was flung upon the assailant's cheek. He would not know the meaning of "filthiness and foolish talk-

ing," but appeared to have attained to the grace of being "wise unto that which is good, and simple concerning evil." He never touched intoxicating drink, or tobacco in any shape, and yet he made no parade of his abstinence.

CHAPTER II.

1832—1836.

College Life at Harvard University—Letters from Rev. J. Very and Dr. H. Bigelow—Graduation—Attainments—Esteem of the Professors—Account of Gen. Jackson's receiving the degree of LL.D—Leaves College.

In the order of time, we should next refer to the college life of our subject. In so doing we shall enter into no detail of his four years' studies, nor any disquisition upon college life, keeping to the *duty* of exhibiting the *character* of Mr. Chisholm in his college life, from which it will not be inferred that a bad life in college is no bar to honor and usefulness in after-life. I give extracts from numerous testimonials to his worth, and the estimate in which he was held by the good. The Rev. Jones Very, an old class-mate, writes:

"He was a member with Mr. Thomas Bernard West, of Salem, now deceased, and myself, of a small Society for religious improvement, which held meetings once a week, during most of my college course. I remember these meetings with great satisfac-

tion, as hours well and happily spent; and I doubt not that they were so remembered by all who participated in them. During the senior year, Mr. Chisholm, Mr. West, and myself occupied the whole upper story of the third entry, in Holworthy. James was fond of singing, and often on Sabbath evenings he would enter my room and say: 'Come, let us sing some hymns;' and we spent many Sabbath evenings in singing together."

Dr. Henry Bigelow, of West-Newton, Mass., writes:

"I know his constant faithfulness to duty, how religiously he sought to conform to every rule of discipline and order, how earnest to perform to the utmost of his ability every task set before him. Of an almost feminine delicacy of manners, and much social reserve, he mixed but little in the social recreations of college life; of course had no sympathy with those light or grave trespasses in college discipline which are so frequent and so popular at that thoughtless period of unfledged manhood. Of course he had to meet the light laugh at his weakness, or see the scornful finger of the more heartless offender pointed at his retreating figure, or hear a jest at his too tender conscience. All such expressions never drew from him a word of complaint, far less of retort. He seemed calm and happy in his chosen way. So he never lost caste with his class-mates, never forfeited that respect which must ever be accorded to even the most scrupulous adherence to principle. He had more than respect, he had their high esteem; for it was not unknown to them that there was the heart of a widowed mother to be pained and rent by any wandering from the path of virtue; that there were the eyes of kind and generous friends to observe the first evidence that their kindness had been misplaced, or their generosity ill-requited. If such

considerations had their influence upon the tenor of his life, as doubtless they did, if they helped to strengthen him in his weakness against the temptations of youth, and associates, does it not declare what a blessing even our afflictions and privations may be to us, under God—'what an exceeding weight of glory, they may work out for us'?

"Our college life was not wholly an uncheckered one. Rebellion against authority—organized resistance to law was the order of the day. The black flag was unfurled, and every member of the class was ordered to rally around *Rebellion-tree*. I remember well the queries in many minds whether Chisholm could be made to appear. All familiar with college life know how great the difficulty of resisting the clamor of a class, how necessary it is to yield to it or sacrifice for ever after all fellowship with classmates. After waiting long, after every other straggler had come in, as a last resort a strong committee were sent to bring in the last one. He came to the spot, but very soon escaped to his room. The most conspicuous act of disorder at that time was the marching of the whole class in double file, to the chapel at prayer-time, entering the opposite door, and crossing the entire chapel to their seats. Fortunately, our friend escaped this trial, as he was then a monitor of another class, and obliged to be at his post. So that when the whole class was shortly after dismissed from college for three months, he, with one other under like circumstances, was excepted."

In August, 1836, he graduated with honor, in a class of many bright and able young men. The finished scholarship attained here, shone out afterwards in his compositions, conversation, and sermons, in spite of a retiring modesty which unaf-

fectedly kept these accomplishments in the background. How many of Mr. Chisholm's friends and acquaintance, are even yet unaware of the extent and accuracy of his attainments? His memory was (without any system of mnemonics) almost infallible, even as to dates, names, and minute events. Thus his accurate recollection made his days a series of anniversaries to him, and his scholastic attainments seemed as fresh in 1855, as they were in 1835. Besides, he kept up his knowledge of the languages, for the attainment of which he had a wonderful gift, by a diary or common-place book, in which entries were made, sometimes daily, in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Spanish, German, and Italian. He not only read and wrote these languages, but spoke some of them with facility. He who pens these lines has heard him converse in German, French, and Italian, during the hours of one evening's entertainment. His taste in the choice of language was so precise and fastidious, that it often gave to his conversation and extemporary addresses the appearance of hesitancy; for his scrupulousness in the choice of words to express his meaning would sometimes make him, after using one word or phrase, present another apparently synony-

mous, but on scrutiny, varying from the first, and always conveying a more accurate shade of meaning.

In college, as in every situation of life, a distinction was accorded to him higher than academic honors—the cordial love and affection which he won for himself from all who came in contact with him; the *private esteem* of the professors and officers of the college, as well as that of his fellows. President Quincy presented him with a "Detur," in a copy of the British poets; and whenever during his college course, this distinguished president and historian of the University was asked of the standing of Chisholm: "He is a good fellow—(your brother, your son)—stands high." And so the steward of the College, Mr. Sparhawk, speaking of him would say: "He is a fine young man, *always orderly.*" And so when in August, 1852, the Rev. Mr. Chisholm, with his wife and two children, revisited Harvard, (just twenty years after he, as a wondering freshman first looked upon its stately buildings and pendent elms,) the same old librarian, J. L. Sibley, Esq., was at his post, presiding over the finest library in the United States. He was of course recognized by the visitor; for the faces of the old

habitues of the College, as well as the campus, the landscape, and the localities, are not things ever to be forgotten by the collegian—while the passing crowd of many youthful faces may well confuse the powers of memory and recognition in the stationary officer of a large university. "Do you remember me?" said the returned graduate to the librarian, after his twenty years' absence. Mr. Sibley replied: "I forget your name, but I remember you: *when you were here you were a* GOOD BOY." How unaffectedly complimentary in its natural and simple truthfulness! A man of good taste would prize it above his parchment diploma, with its swelling Latin compliments, and pendent seals to attest them.

We can not forbear transcribing a letter which he addressed at this time to his elder brother, Joseph Chisholm, Esq., of Salem—of whom it may be said, more emphatically than of any other, that he stood towards James in *loco parentis*. He watched over his early life, followed him with paternal solicitude to his distant Southern home—and feels now, in gathering up the memorials and mementos of his beloved younger brother, as a father does when he collects the personal effects and relics of a departed son. This letter is inter-

esting as containing a picture of the ceremonies of the installation of President Andrew Jackson as LL.D., by the officials of Harvard. Lest Major Jack Downing's burlesque portraiture of this event should, by possibility, (so strange are sometimes the sources of history,) go down the current of time as a true narrative of this memorable investiture of collegiate honors, I give a cotemporary sketch by an ingenuous youth of eighteen:

"CAMBRIDGE, *Wednesday* P.M., *June* 26, 1833.

"DEAR BROTHER:

"I have nothing particular to write about, as it is so short a time since I saw you, except the President's visit to Cambridge, which took place this forenoon, and the particulars of which will, I suppose, have reached you before this letter. However, as I have nothing else to write, I will describe it, rather I guess for my own gratification than for yours. In the forenoon the sky was overcast, but the temperature of the weather was just right. At quarter before 10 A.M., the students assembled in the chapel and took their respective seats. At 10 o'clock the President of the United States, and President Quincy, entered the chapel, walking arm in arm, and followed by the President's suite, the College faculty, and other great men. The two Presidents took their seats on the staging in front of the pulpit, and before them the above-mentioned officers. Firstly. President Quincy arose and delivered a complimentary address of about ten minutes' length, in which he set forth Jackson's civil and military virtues in glowing colors, and gave a short history of the rise, progress,

and success of Harvard University. The Chief-Magistrate then arose and made a brief reply, which, through his extreme feebleness, was scarcely audible, much less intelligible. One of the members of the senior class then delivered a complimentary oration in Latin of about ten minutes' duration; after which President Quincy made a short Latin address, and wound it up by conferring upon President Jackson the honorary degree of LL.D. The chapel services were then concluded by an anthem, to the tune of 'Old Hundred.' The members of the University (graduates and under-graduates) then formed themselves into a procession, and escorted the Chief-Magistrate, first to the Library Hall, and thence to President Quincy's house, where refreshments were provided and the chief officers of the nation were introduced to those of the college. It was rather a strange sight to see persons of so much political cunning, antiquated learning, and military freedom, all mixed up together. On one side you could see Jackson and Quincy in earnest conversation; on another, Rev. Dr. Ware, or Dr. Popkin, with Van Buren and Hull, etc. The Chief-Magistrate and his suite then proceeded in close carriages to Bunker Hill, at half-past eleven o'clock. This was the end of his reception at Cambridge. The President's health is visibly on the decline, and many are of opinion that if he proceeds much farther at present, he will not live to see Washington again. Indeed, you would be surprised to see the alteration which four days have made in him. On Friday last, when he came to Boston, his countenance was of a lively red, which, although his natural color, was unusual for persons of his age, considering the fatigues he has undergone: to-day he was deadly pale, could hardly speak, and seems to have acquired a dozen wrinkles within the time."

When Mr. Chisholm left college he was

within a month of his majority. He had no worldly goods, no estate in expectancy, no rich relatives, no physical strength or skill—not even a handicraft, to make his bread wherewith. He had a debt of honor to discharge to those kind-hearted relatives who had with self-denial met his college bills. This young man now about to enter life, had perhaps less to begin upon than a very large proportion of those who, at the age of twenty-one, enter the race of life, in our active, stirring land. Yet he felt that he owed a debt to society and his country, as well as to mother, brothers, and sisters. His principles of action and feelings in the outset of life, are here embodied in the very words of one, who stands towards him as a surviving sister, whose life-long attachment to this brother was almost passing the love of woman. She thus writes to the author:

"Have you ever given a moment's thought to the fact that many young men leave college after finishing their education, without a thought that a great treasure is intrusted to them? Labor in a vocation, is a debt that every educated man owes to his country; and labor without the possession of scrip or purse, without desire of precedence, is what the 'man of God' is called on to perform, from Noah to Elijah, from Elijah to the Apostles, from the Apostles to the youngest of those who in these days would follow the *same Master with them.* Such a train of re-

flections arise when we consider that, nineteen years ago last August, James had finished his collegiate course. His education was his fortune, which he was about to dedicate to his God and his country. He was hardly twenty-one. His intention was to enter one of the professions. He scarcely dared to think himself fit for a minister; yet every one said he will be a minister.

"But before he could enter on a profession, he must earn money to carry him through with the requisite preparations. He gave out word that he wished employment as a school-teacher. About the last days of August in 1836, a man one morning proposed to him to go out to Virginia with him, to assist in a school. James was not satisfied with the compensation offered, but gave the person such encouragement that he would go, as to lead him afterwards to plead that it would be a disappointment and loss to him if James did not accompany him. In the same afternoon of the same day, a proposition came to James, through the kindness of his cousin, George Wood, of the Land-Office, from Washington, D. C., offering him a school the net income of which was three times the amount of compensation that B. had offered in the morning. James immediately sought B., but saw only the father, the son being away, and the father entered the plea stated above. In this state of the case James' sense of honor would not allow him to break with the man, and he made immediate arrangements to leave for Virginia. Thus you see, he made what was apparently a pecuniary sacrifice, at the very outset in life; and this passage of his life seems to be but an epitome of his history. He seemed to be destined rather for riches in good works towards God, than to possess earthly riches."

CHAPTER III.

1836—1840.

Goes to Jefferson County, Va., as Assistant Teacher—Letter of Rev. Dr. Jones—First Serious Impressions of Religion—Becomes a Member of the Church in Washington City—Confirmation—Determines to study for the Ministry—Enters the Virginia Theological Seminary—His Views—Ordained.

THERE was now a transition to be made from the early home to the localities of his future life, in Virginia, his whole future life on earth; for, from this time he never lived off the soil of the Old Dominion. The first half of his life, including infancy, childhood, boyhood, and youth, up to near twenty-one, belonged to the rock-bound maritime region of New-England. The last half belonged to Virginia, and, without forgetting his native land, his affections, his social ties, his conjugal relations, his religious connections, all his hopes and possessions and prospects were bounded on the north by the Potomac. He came to act as assistant in the Academy at Charlestown, Jefferson county,

Virginia. Such were his winning and amiable traits of character that he soon became, here, beloved by many and indeed by all who knew him; and he left there, as everywhere else, the sweet savor of a good name; and at this time his memory is hallowed and his loss deplored to an extent that would surprise himself were he allowed to return and witness it. The Rev. Alexander Jones, D.D., then, and for many years before, the rector of the large Episcopal congregation in Charlestown, in a brief letter written since his death, says:

"While in my parish he was esteemed an amiable and very agreeable young man, and an accomplished classical scholar, and his character and conduct were altogether unblemished and exemplary. Shortly after he left my parish I heard of his intending to enter the ministry of our Church. My acquaintance with him since he entered the ministry, has been cordial and intimate, and I have always highly esteemed him as devoted to his work, a fine writer, and an accurate scholar. His memory will now be cherished, not only as a scholar and a laborious servant and minister of Christ; but as a martyr to duty in the midst of danger and death."

Mr. Chisholm was raised in a community and educated in a college where the doctrines and religious tenets of a very large portion of the educated, refined, and wealthy of the population present

to the minds of Southern Christians a singular contrast to what they have been led to believe were the views of their pilgrim ancestry. Mr. Chisholm was *not* educated in Unitarian views. He attended with his family, an Orthodox church, (the writer is informed of the Baptist persuasion,) and he has often spoken with deep regret and painful interest of the state of religion at Harvard, always asserting, however, that there was the absence of every thing that looked like a proselyting or propagandist spirit, in the leading men, professors and clergymen, connected with the University. It was here, in Charlestown, Va., and in the Episcopal Church, that the first serious impressions on the subject of religion, were made upon him. I do not mean by this to be understood as saying that he was not under religious influences. He was the son of a pious mother. He was raised in an atmosphere of Christian morality. We believe that the preventive grace of God guided his footsteps from his earliest childhood. He was almost like Samuel, "dedicated to the Lord," and no one ever heard from his lips the profane oath, or the scoffer's sneer; nor were the efforts of the gay and thoughtless, but sometimes dissipated and reckless young men about him, ever

prevailing enough to make him deviate from the path of a vice-shunning morality; but, we believe also that this sort of morality (which was all he pretended to in 1836) as a provision for the journey heavenward to be not a whit better than the looser morals of many who make no pretensions to it. The *morality* of the worldly prudent is worth just as much as the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, and that is nothing worth in the sight of a holy God, who requires of us, and who alone can bestow upon us the righteousness which is of God through Christ. Young James Chisholm, the assistant teacher of the classical Academy in Charlestown, was first awakened to a sense of this while attending the Episcopal Church there, when the communion was administered. He mentioned to a friend that in New-England it is the practice of those who do not commune to leave the church, and that before this occasion he had never witnessed this solemn rite. The beautiful simplicity of the ancient ritual spoke to his taste; the subdued and chastened emotions of the communicants, to his better feelings; the deep import of the whole, to his heart. It was the first direct appeal of the Spirit, and was not unheeded.

But he did not unite himself to the Church until

he left Charlestown for Washington City. The period of his residence in Charlestown was from the autumn of 1836 to that of 1837, during which time he aided as assistant in the Academy there, as already referred to. At the expiration of his engagement he went to Washington, where, for a year and a half he taught a select classical school, and while there he united himself, after due and deliberate consideration, to the Protestant Episcopal Church. This step was not taken unadvisedly, perhaps not without that degree of opposition, or *question,* rather, from those who were very dear to him, but whose education and associations rendered the selection of an Episcopal Church, at least a matter of surprise to them. Those who will read Bishop Griswold's Memoirs may understand the objections to the Episcopal Church which prevailed in Massachusetts thirty years ago. We are thankful to the Great Head of the Church that through the labors of that great and good man, as also of his successor, that prejudice has so nearly passed away. The time had come when the predictions of his friends, "he will be a minister," were to be verified.

He was at no loss where to go for the needful preparatory studies for the sacred office. That

"school of the prophets" across the wide river, he could almost see among the wooded hills of Fairfax.

He was *confirmed* in Washington, February 24th, 1839, as appears from a letter to a brother, in Boston:

"On Sunday, 24th, I was confirmed. I do not know whether you have ever witnessed a confirmation: it is a most solemn rite. I wish you and L. A. had been standing with me at that chancel. The scene made an impression on my mind that will never be forgotten. There were in all ten of us. Next me stood a gentleman of fortune, who had for a long life sustained the character of an exemplary citizen, a pattern in all relations of society, in every relation but to his God—and now on the threshold of old age, had been brought to the knowledge of a Saviour's love. I never saw one more overcome than he was, on this solemn occasion, and could not help coming to the conclusion that it is a more affecting, as it is a more rare sight, to witness the aged than the young converted; inasmuch as the former suffers the conviction that he has come to the work with jaded faculties, that the hey-day of life is past, that he consecrates to the service of his Redeemer, what in all probability will prove to be the feeble remains of a long and prosperous life. One of our number was a poor aged African woman."

In a letter dated Washington, April 8th, 1839, after referring to an inclosure of $100 to repay a brother for money loaned—and with that scrupulous honesty in repaying all debts—shows his

sense of his brother's kindness by thanking him for his forbearance in asking for it—he goes on to say: "I have given up my school, and shall depart to-morrow for the Theological Seminary in Virginia, seven miles below this city. I have already joined the Seminary, and am a member of the middle class."

In June after, he writes to the same brother: "I daily experience the conviction, more and more strongly, which you expressed in one of your letters, some time since, that the office of the sacred ministry is by far the highest office to which mortal man can be called. Highest, not in the common sense of the term, not as the people of the world accept the term—but highest in point of solemn responsibility, and importance with regard to the eternal world. Who is sufficient for these things? Yet the way to become a faithful servant is clearly and amply marked out for us: Strong in the strength which God supplies through his eternal Son."

In a letter dated from the Seminary, July 10, 1840, he mentions that he has now finished his studies for the University, but intends to devote three or four months longer as a resident student, "endeavoring to prepare myself more fully for

the awful responsibilities of that office to which I look forward to be soon admitted."

On the 10th of October, 1840, he writes: "I was made a Deacon on Sunday, the 4th inst. I have indeed assumed those awful vows to preach Christ Jesus the Lord, and to be, myself, from this time forward as long as life shall last, the servant of men for His sake. Unworthy as I am, I have been called and admitted by the Church on earth, and its authorized pastors, and I trust, oh! most sincerely do I trust, that I have been accepted by the Lord of Heaven and Earth to the ministry of the same. Remember me, dear brother, in your daily intercessions at the throne of grace, for the profession (into the lowest and humblest duties of which I am now entered) has been emphatically and most justly called the 'fearful office.' 'You are now on an eminence,' said a faithful servant of the Lord in addressing the candidates on the day of ordination here, in the summer of last year, 'where it is difficult to stand—whence it is damnation to fall.' May God grant that I may have strength from on high *to stand*, even in the evil day—and having done all things, to stand.

"Bishop Meade preached the ordination sermon

last Sunday, and I never listened to a sermon that had so overpowering an effect on myself. May I never forget his solemn admonitions, and his encouraging exhortations, with which, in a personal address to us who were to be ordained, he closed his searching discourse; and which poured forth from a full heart in a strain mostly of supplication to Heaven in our behalf. M—— and A—— were present. I shall commence my labors by taking the charge of the servants of one or two neighboring plantations in this State, and by endeavoring in singleness of heart to break the bread of everlasting life to them, and by the Divine aid to enlighten their benighted minds with the light of the Gospel."

CHAPTER IV.

Partial Engagement in Albemarle County, Va.—Letter from Mrs. W. C. Rives—Letter—Letter from Mrs. Page—Labors among the Colored People—Description of the Country and People.

"THERE is a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." This quotation from the great poet is applicable to this period of Mr. Chisholm's life. While teaching a classical school in Washington City, a son of Mr. Rives, then Senator from Virginia, was placed under his care. The acquaintance thus formed led to the recommendation of him as a fit tutor in the family of Mrs. Rives' sister, in Albemarle, where he was introduced first to the society of the people of Virginia. He became from that period identified with them; lived for the rest of his life within the State; married into one of the most extensive

families of the Old Dominion—and, as we shall see, became in all his views and aims, as one of her citizens. The simple circumstance of his receiving a pupil in his school, gave direction to his future life and fortunes, and led him to the noble sacrifice of that life in the Christian devotedness which we have been called upon to commemorate. The following letter, which we dare not abridge, has given rise to this reflection:

"CASTLE HILL, *November 14th*, 1855.

"DEAR SIR:

"As Mr. R. is very much occupied at this time with pressing engagements, you will, I hope, pardon the liberty I take in replying to your kind letter, especially as you suggest that I can as well inform you of the circumstances of the residence of our lamented friend Mr. Chisholm, among us here.

"Our first acquaintance with Mr. Chisholm was in Washington. Mr. R. was then in the Senate, and we found it convenient to take a home and have all our family with us. Mr. Chisholm had at that time a school or academy, which was highly recommended to us for our sons, who studied with him several months during our sojourn in the city. Our recollection of his amiable qualities and high mental endowments, engaged us to recommend him most highly, several years after, as tutor in the family of my sister, Mrs. M. P——, in our immediate neighborhood. He remained from October, 1840, to April, 1842, when he removed to Martinsburg. His sister, Miss Chisholm, was, during a part of this time, engaged in instructing the daughter of our neighbor, Dr. M——; and she could, doubtless, give you more circumstan-

tial and minute information than any one else, of this part of Mr. Chisholm's life.

"During my residence with my sister, he was deeply absorbed in theological studies, to which he gave every moment of his time that was not occupied with his duties to the pupils under his charge. His labors for the benefit of the colored people were too brief to have been marked by much success, but all bore testimony to his good-will, and the remembrance of his gentle virtues long survived his residence among us. His friends have rejoiced sincerely in hearing of his successful career as a preacher of the Gospel, and watched with the deepest interest his noble and courageous self-devotion during the terrible visitation of the town where he had been called as a minister; their hopes and prayers followed him to the bedside of the sick and dying; and when he fell a martyr to his duties, their tears dropped on his early grave. Still it was not like the 'sorrow without hope,' for they have every assurance that their 'loss has been his gain.'

"You have justly called his orphan son 'a child of the Church,' and you have our best wishes for the success of your memoir for his benefit. We shall add our mite to the offerings already presented for his support and education.

"I need not say, dear sir, that the few lines I have written are for your own eye, as they are manifestly unworthy to find a place in your memoir further than the dates they give.

"I remain very truly yours,

"J. P. R——."

The author is willing to rest his respectful violation of this last command upon the result of the judgment of his readers, whether this letter, from

this lady, as eminent for her literary taste as for her gentle Christian virtues, be "unworthy of a place" here. At the risk of seeming tedious, but really with the desire only to present the character of this interesting man to our readers in all its phases, we copy here from a kind letter addressed to the author by the lady at whose house Mr. Chisholm resided in Albemarle:

* * * * * "Could I have imagined for a moment that my feeble pen would have afforded the slightest aid in contributing to your memoir of our excellent and greatly-lamented friend, it should have been volunteered long since. * * * I will proceed to answer your queries. Dr. P. had long been anxious to secure the services of a gentleman who would occupy the two-fold position of teacher for our children and instructor of our servants. Two other gentlemen in our community were also interested in behalf of their people, and at Dr. P.'s instance offered to assist him in remunerating any one who would undertake to preach to the negroes in the vicinity. Dr. P. was informed that Mr. Chisholm, who had just been ordained, was willing to undertake the charge. His acceptance of the situation was joyfully received, and he arrived at this place, as well as I can remember, about the 1st of Nov., 1840. His *naïveté* and bashfulness, his exceeding amiability and warm-hearted cordiality soon made him a favorite, and Dr. P. was most happy to take him round the neighborhood and introduce him to his friends. He had never been accustomed to riding on horseback, and often declared that nothing would induce him to mount a horse in presence of our Virginia boys, and the carriage was always in readiness whenever he would consent to

make a visit. He, however, soon overcame his repugnance, when he found his endeavors encouraged instead of being laughed at, and became quite a fearless horseman.

"His kindness to the children of the family was very touching. A little girl of six years old, having applied to him to write a prayer for her, he kindly complied with her request, and she used it long after. He also acted as her amanuensis in writing letters for her to a brother at the High School, though he confessed it to be the most difficult task he had ever undertaken; and I doubt not, would have accomplished an essay in Greek or Hebrew with much more ease. He effectually remonstrated with his pupils about wasting their precious time in reading fairy tales and romances, and endeavored to dissuade the boys from spending one day in six in so irrational a manner as hunting; but boys, and dogs, guns, horses, and Saturdays, are too firmly associated in the country ever to be separated.

"He took a great deal of exercise himself, and indeed he was so close a student that it was the only recreation he allowed himself, and even then his mind was probably as actively engaged as when sitting with his books. He frequently walked for miles from the house, generally at very early hours.

"On one occasion while wandering on a neighboring mountain thickly wooded, he was hailed several times by a man who peremptorily ordered him to stop. Not imagining that the call was intended for him, he continued at his usual rapid pace, when the voice nearing and threatening to shoot, he turned and discovered to the annoyed pursuer the features of Mr. Chisholm. The man apologized very humbly, and to Mr. Chisholm's infinite amusement, by saying he 'mistook him for a *runaway*.' It was scarcely day when the blunder was made, and was heartily forgiven by Mr. C. He remained with us until accepting a call to Hedgesville, which I think was in April, 1842, but continued

preaching to the negroes only about ten months. He was not sufficiently acquainted with them, as a class, to be very successful, and his great talents and unusual literary acquirements, possibly, rather unfitted him than otherwise for their instruction. His labors, however, were well appreciated, and his memory still gratefully cherished. He occasionally filled the pulpit of our pastor and also of the Rev. Mr. E——, in Louisa and Orange, and gave ample evidence of his powers as a preacher in another field. His sermons were admirable in every respect, and never failed to secure the individual attention of all who heard him. He was at the time, doubtless, one of the best linguists of his age (24) in America, and he was also a good mathematician; the only one of his pupils who was old enough to be proposed for the University, having graduated in that school the second session."*

It will be observed that in two preceding interesting letters, the idea is conveyed that his labors among the colored people were not blessed with any very apparent fruits. There is no doubt that at that time Mr. Chisholm was not much acquainted with the peculiar traits and habits of these people. Nor could he know as well as a person raised among them, how to give effect to his teachings. Yet in nothing are we more apt to be mistaken than in the estimate which we place upon the services of ministers of the Gospel, judging *à priori*. What we often regard as a sermon of great power falls upon the dull cold ears of the hearers and no

* Graduation as M.A., is a rare attainment in the University of Virginia.

result follows; while, at other times, the efforts of the least-esteemed preacher seem to produce wonderful effects. It is God who giveth the increase. It is the Spirit that gives point to the weapon which divides soul and spirit. Besides the gentle, humble, but earnest bearing of an excellent pastor, could not but be appreciated by these poor, simple people, who are as keen as children to discover the difference between assumed and real interest in their welfare; between the effort to be gracious, and the unaffected out-pouring of Christian sympathy. My last correspondent says that his memory is still cherished by those sable parishioners of his in Albemarle. We have it in our power to lay a further evidence of this before the reader in an account which Mr. C. himself gave to a friend of his in the North. He was leaving Albemarle for a visit to Salem, and to reach the public route between Charlottesville and Gordonsville, he had to travel in the carriage of his kind hostess. Just as he stopped to change to the post-route, he saw something like *a cloud* of people running towards him. These were members of his colored flock who wished to be the last to take leave of him; who had left their quiet cabins, or perhaps their field work, to take leave of him, and shake hands

with him before he started. Was there nothing proved of the effect of his ministry among them, in this simple incident?

"BENTIVOGLIO, ALBEMARLE Co.,
"*Nov.* 11*th*, 1840.

* * * * * *

"The residences are situated on an average at the distance of a mile apart, upon the most commanding or beautiful eminences of each plantation. The inhabitants of Albemarle are plain Virginia planters, of independent fortune, and agreeable, frank, and polished manners. There is a family connection between them all, more or less distant; but never further off than fortieth cousin. Cousin appears to be the most social and endearing appellation; and it is amusing to hear sometimes a sexagenarian addressing a child of six or eight years with the title of 'Cousin Billy,' 'Cousin Patsy,' etc. Children call their mothers Mamma, and their nurses, (who are in every case aged females,) *Mammy*. The Mammy of a family is always the object of respect and affection. There is a church a few miles distant, which they style the 'Free Union,' which is preached in alternately by all the denominations, the Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and clergy of the Church, and which I think must be a curiosity; they say its pulpit is a large-sized hogshead, five and a half feet perpendicular depth, so that a person of my height would just entirely escape being seen, and the eyes and nose of a person six feet in height could be barely descried above the horizon of this modern rostrum. A preacher of our Church was lately holding forth therein on the fall of man, when the tall stool on which he was necessarily perched in order to be seen by the audience, gave way and eclipsed him temporarily from the spectators. There is one glass

window in the edifice, which is immediately behind the rotund pulpit. There is a sufficient quantity of other windows, but they are paned with wood instead of glass, and require opening to produce any appreciable effect. This, however, is not the house at which the members of our Church, in this vicinity, worship. They have an ancient church about four miles distant. The servants on this plantation, Dr. Page's, are about 100 in number, occupying from 20 to 30 'log cabins.' The fields, at this late season of the year, are overspread with a fresh and delicate green. This is the wheat just springing up, which remains unprotected except by the snows of winter, until in early spring it resumes its process of growing, and in June is harvested. Directly behind the house arises a lofty ridge of mountain-land, to the height of 1000 feet, from the top of which, a most delightful and almost boundless prospect opens to the view, including the fertile counties of Orange, Nelson, Louisa, and Cumberland, which form one vast plain, extending off to the Alleghanies. In the midst of the plain or slope stands the University of Virginia and the town of *Charlottesville*, Monticello; out to the north, Montpelier, Mrs. Madison's residence."

CHAPTER V.

Settlement in Norborne Parish, Berkeley County — Visiting the Sick—Manner of his Ministrations—Letters from Martinsburg and Hedgesville—"A Scene in our Parish."

THE circumstances under which Mr. Chisholm was inducted into his first parish—that of Norborne, comprising the two congregations of Trinity, (Martinsburg,) and Mount Zion, Hedgesville, Berkeley County, Virginia—were of a nature to deter a self-indulgent, or even a prudent minister of the Gospel, from the undertaking. The congregations of each were small, and by no means comprising the most opulent of our Christian people—that in Hedgesville especially—the country congregations consisting, with a few exceptions, of a people of very moderate means; that of Martinsburg—besides being numerically smaller than the country congregation—distracted and almost disorganized, through a series of adversities which made it a work of great patience to build it up again. But a few years before his coming

into the parish, the rector, who was the third in the series before him, was, under circumstances of a mortifying character, publicly tried by three presbyters of the Church, and suspended for intemperance. His successor, a most estimable and accomplished young man from Pennsylvania, was snatched by a sudden and violent fever from his earthly labors, after officiating but once or twice.

His successor, and the immediate predecessor of Mr. Chisholm, a most devoted and active pastor, thought it advisable to build a new church, more central in its location; and this—besides being undertaken contrary to the avowed wishes of some of the most influential of his parishioners—involved him, upon whom the duty of the superintendence was improperly imposed, in a variety of difficulties of a secular character; in differences with workmen, and liabilities for work done, and materials furnished—leaving debts which could not be readily met, and producing as usual in such cases, dissatisfaction on the part of creditors, and bickerings and make-shifts among the members of the congregation. There was no parsonage then either in Martinsburg or Hedgesville; the one was built in the former place shortly

before his connection with the parish was dissolved —and he knowing all this, fully awake to this state of things, came into it to act as mediator and peace-maker, which he did at the cost of much self-denial and suffering on his part; for, with a disinterestedness which always made him think last of himself, these very liabilities rendered his stipend more precarious and smaller than was sufficient for his comfort at all times, but as will be seen, especially so after his marriage, and increased expenditures in the support of a family. This subject will, as a matter of course, in giving the history of his labors in Berkeley, be again presented, but in his own letters, referring to the causes of his leaving Berkeley County for Portsmouth.

He did not choose to live in Martinsburg, but determined to reside at the mountain. This again was an act of self-denial, while it was a prudent and judicious course. The county town is one of the old towns of Virginia, founded before the revolution, of some three thousand population, with such society as is usually found in Southern towns where the courts attract professional men, the numerous churches require respectable ministers, and the business of an important railroad en-

trepôt gather together merchants, mechanics, and artisans. He relinquished the more congenial society of the town for the plain fare and manners of his mountain parishioners, and for six years resided in the country near the small town of Hedgesville, (then much smaller than at present,) only visiting his Martinsburg parish at intervals. The writer, in adhering to his plan of letting the writings of Mr. Chisholm tell his own history where they can, will here present to his readers a specimen of his pastoral care in the admission of members to the rite of confirmation. It was his invariable rule to send to each one a set of questions, in writing, to be answered in writing by the persons seeking admission into the church. The following are those sent to his brother-in-law, who entered the church under his ministry:

PART I.—*Q.* 1*st.* Do you renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same, and the sinful desires of the flesh? Will it be your daily and habitual endeavor, by the help of God, not to follow or be led by them?

A. Amongst the *works of the devil* are these: "All bitterness, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking, with all malice." Do you renounce these?

B. "The vain pomp and glory of the world." Upon this head I ask, will you make it a solemn matter of conscience not to

visit places of worldly amusement, or mingle in such company as you have found, or may reasonably expect, will prove hurtful to your soul?

C. Are you resolved not to engage in any thing upon which you can not ask the blessing of God?

D. "All covetous desires." Will you systematically and cheerfully contribute towards benevolent Christian objects?

PART II.—*Dost thou believe all the articles of the Christian Faith?*

A. Do you realize that you are a *sinner*, guilty and condemned, and do you acknowledge this unto God?

B. Do you, with all your heart, believe in the Lord Jesus Christ —that is, place your steadfast and entire reliance upon His *precious atoning* death for your forgiveness and acceptance with your Heavenly Father?

PART III.—"*Wilt thou obediently keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of thy life?*

A. Will you daily and diligently search the Holy Scriptures with prayer, *to know what His will is?*

B. Will you live in the practice of daily secret prayer?

C. Will you diligently and prayerfully use *every means of grace*, both public and private?

D. Will you seriously endeavor to do good in the Sunday-school?

E. Is it your purpose often to call to mind the vows taken in your name at your baptism, or which you in your own person have solemnly renewed at your confirmation, in which you consecrate yourself, and all you have, to God, and engage to keep yourself unspotted from the world?

The duties of the pastoral office were new to Mr. Chisholm. His *manners* were the reverse of

the *Jesuit model*, (a stately severity relaxed by an occasional studied amenity of deportment;) in fact, his manner was so unaffectedly humble that it would have lessened his influence, by encouraging undue familiarity, if the transparent sincerity of his character had not always neutralized this result. Still, when stern duty required him to exercise discipline, it was done; and the more certainly, because it was exercised not from impulse, but from a high sense of duty. A case of this sort occurred not long after his residence was taken up in the parish. The combined existence of *firmness* with meekness, in his character, was by this example first made known to many of his friends.

In visiting the sick and the afflicted, he was never neglectful. He was sitting one night during a violent snow-storm, which was drifting the snow to the fence-tops in the mountain-gorge where his residence was fixed, before a comfortable fire, conversing with the lady of the mansion, his parishioner. She mentioned that a very poor and friendless woman was, as she thought, dying—who was not a member of his church, nor personally known to him. It was then ten o'clock at night. "I must see her to-night," said he; and before a re-

monstrance could be made he was out in the darkness and storm, threading his way to the poor woman's residence, half a mile distant. The lady was really uneasy, and could not go to bed until his return, which was late in the night. She took occasion, in directing the servant to dry his boots, to observe that he had no boots, but shoes only—and these were the cheapest sort—with soles made up in part of thicknesses of *paper*, pasted together. She showed these to her husband, who quickly substituted good boots for the *paper-soled* shoes.

In his ministerial services in the desk, his effort was to exhibit the full beauty and power of the Common Prayer. There was an *accuracy* in his conduct of the Service (always so dear to Episcopalians) which made it still more acceptable. His reading was characterized by a very subdued and solemn manner and tone, and a precision of pronunciation and emphasis which might serve as a model. His preaching, we trust, may be better judged of by the publication of his sermons, or selections of them, which has in fact already been spoken of. Of his pastoral life in Berkeley from 1842 to 1850, we of course can give but occasional incidents.

Among many of his letters to his friends during

this period, we lay the following before our readers as containing striking instances of his power of description.

NO. I.

"HEDGESVILLE, BERKELEY CO., VA., *Aug.* 10, 1842.

"AND now I will tell you 'what I am about, and what I mean to do;' or, rather, what I hope to do. I am engaged pretty regularly in parochial visiting a part of each week. The scenes of a country pastor's life are generally of a still-life cast. I move on noiselessly from house to house, generally on horseback, spending sometimes an hour or so, sometimes half of the day, at one place. My visit is frequently concluded with devotional exercises, as reading the Scriptures, and commenting in a few words on the portion read—singing and prayer.

"A gentleman remarked, who was present on one of these occasions, that he scarce ever witnessed a more beautiful or affecting sight. It was at evening prayer. The whole family (including in all three generations) was gathered around me; the aged grandparent, sister to the late Chief-Justice Marshall, in the centre of the group. After commenting on the portion read in the usual formal manner, I was interrupted by the old lady, with some very beautiful and pertinent remarks by way of comment or continuation of my own, and also with some inquiries in regard to the point in hand. There was something, it seems to me, surpassingly pleasing to the eye of taste and sensibility in the attitude of deference, respect, and attention with which the old lady, the very personification of venerable and extreme old age, leaned forward to catch every word of instruction which fell from the lips of mere youth, and in the anxious interest written on every countenance in the family group."

* * * * *

NO. II. A SCENE IN OUR PARISH.

"*Sunday, October* 16, 1842.

"During the morning service the baptism of a male adult, of the age of sixty-four years, took place. By the confession of every one present it was a most solemn and impressive rite, and to me was overpowering. Until a year or more past, the subject of this ordinance had been one of the wildest, most reckless, dissipated, and profane of men. The period of probation through which he has since passed, gives the most satisfactory evidence of the Divine origin of the change which has completely transformed him. His assumption of the awful vows of renunciation of the world, the flesh, and the devil, amid a large concourse of persons who were acquainted with him throughout his past wild career, it may be hoped will produce, under the Divine blessing, an awakening effect in the thoughtless. He was so tall that, when kneeling before me at the church-rail to receive Baptism, his head was as high as my own.

"Some spectator remarked that the effect of the whole was not a little heightened by the very strong contrasts presented by the appearance and circumstances of the parties immediately engaged in this momentous act. The party officiating, extremely youthful, and of a ruddy countenance, and withal little in stature, looking, as the aforesaid spectator observed, 'like a little spirit.' The candidate, 'all stern of look and strong of limb,' but meekly, and humbly, and firmly answering to those solemn interrogatories: 'Dost thou renounce, etc.?' 'Wilt thou then obediently keep, etc.?' then bending low in prayer. One, during the last war, a man whose fearlessness was proverbial, now sealed and enrolled as a valiant soldier under the banner of a heavenly leader. And, to complete the picture, the 'chosen witness,' or godfather, a venerable octogenarian, whose term of service in the Church militant begun when he was

but a mere stripling, is now nearly expired—altogether presented a spectacle rarely witnessed."

* * * * *

NO. III.

"*Oct.* 20, 1842.

* * * "My labors go on increasing. The parish is one of the most toilsome imaginable; for though it is not a matter of absolute necessity to write a set discourse oftener than once a fortnight, yet I feel myself called hither and thither to visit the sick, the poor, the bad, the good, and to perform occasional offices. I generally preach twice, sometimes three times every Sunday—the third time I am ten miles distant from the first place of preaching in the morning. On Sunday night last, I preached to a whole mill full of people.

"Not long since, I was called to go ten miles on horseback, to perform the marriage ceremony, arriving at sunset; and briefly thereafter there was an infant presented to be baptized, the child of two of the invited guests. I thought the occasion an extremely interesting one. We had a great bridal-supper."

NO. IV.

"Hedgesville, *Aug.* 30, 1843.

"I have sent you by mail a number of the *Southern Churchman*, containing a notice of the consecration of our neat and tasty little church at Martinsburg, where for eight years or more, the Episcopal congregation has had no stated place for worshipping. Formerly, they had a fine old church, but inconveniently located. They have been for years a dwindling congregation. They appear now to be exhibiting signs of returning life. Although there have been but very few additions to the communion since

my connection with the parish, yet I think I have, on the whole, several grounds of encouragement. It is a parish in which not every man would suit. The mass of the congregation at Martinsburg, though few in number, are of the most intelligent and influential people in the place, whilst in the other, and by far the larger portion of the parish, the people are plain, unaffected, unlettered, and many of them in limited or reduced circumstances. The pastor of a flock, made up of such heterogeneous materials, must, whilst he possesses firmness of character and fixedness of principle, at the same time be pliant and elastic in his manners. He must not offend the refined and cultivated taste, whilst, at the same time, he must condescend to men of low degree, in plainness of speech, in unaffectedness of manners, in simplicity of garb even; and all this, too, must be done naturally, without *seeming* to condescend or to make an effort. He must never be offended with the most frugal of fare, or the greatest lack of finish and completeness in any domestic arrangements of the family with whom he is visiting. He must never appear to be preferring the stately mansions of the wealthy, the refined, the intelligent of his flock, to the humble thresholds of others who, though they may not contribute so much to his support, yet deprive themselves of many a little gratification or comfort, and stint themselves and their families in various ways, all the while sitting up late and rising early, and eating the bread of carefulness, that they may do a trifle in the way of supporting their Church and their pastor.

"He must grasp as heartily the hard, rough, herculean hand of the toil-worn farmer, or the blacksmith, or the tanner, or the hired day-laborer, as the smooth, white hand of the State's attorney, or the 'Member-elect for Berkeley.' The one he must meet with as cheerful a smile, and a countenance as expressive of kind interest and concern as the other.

"There are two old gentlemen, each of whom has been a com-

municant for years, neither of whom can write or read; and yet, in their station, 'they adorn the doctrine of God their Saviour in all things.' And I will venture to say that either of them could stump a Moses Stuart on the subject of the Divine claims of a three-fold ministry, or the arguments suggested by common-sense in favor of a Liturgical service—at least they could meet him with sounder arguments than his."

NO. V.

"HEDGESVILLE, *Oct.* 5, 1843.

"MY time is occupied as usual. The routine of a country clergyman's life is quite unvarying. I spend a part, perhaps not less than half, of each week in visiting. Sometimes I set out on a tour from which I do not reach home again under four or five days. It is not considered kindly or social in a pastor to go away without taking a meal, at least. As I always endeavor to meet the wishes of those among whom I go, in this respect, I have once or twice, when making calls in considerable haste, been obliged to sit down oftener than the usual number of times. On one occasion—it was a short day at the last winter solstice—I was actually obliged to take five meals."

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CHAPTER VI.

His Marriage—Letter—Tertullian—Resides in Martinsburg—His First-born—Escape of the Child from Death.

I PROCEED to the mention of that event, so interesting and so important always in the life of every man, and perhaps more important to ministers of the Gospel than to men of other professions by just so much as the aid of the wife is more necessary to the useful discharge of his duties than in perhaps any other profession or calling. Besides the domestic routine common to all wives, and not lessened often in ministers' wives by a superabundance of servants and an overflowing larder, the wife of a parish minister, according to the usages of the land and by general consent, is required to assume and maintain a like relation to the female social circle that her clerical husband bears towards his male parishioners. To a certain extent this is expected and unavoidable, and according to the character of the minister's wife, the occasion of much good, or the reverse, in the relations sub-

sisting between the minister and his people. He was married, August 10th, 1847, to Jane Byrd Page, daughter of John White Page, Esq., of Clarke county, Va. This lady was found willing to share with him the trials and privations of a minister's life, and as she has preceded him to the better world, nothing forbids us to say that no man ever exhibited greater wisdom in the choice of a wife. She was raised the child of a happy, refined home. She well knew that one of the implied vows of every Protestant minister was the same vow of poverty which is ostensibly assumed by every member of the order of Jesuits, with this difference in the practical result, that the wife has to share in the same, for better, for worse, while life lasts. Yet she calmly but resolutely cast in her lot with one who was every way worthy of her trust, and whose existence, as long as she lived, was brightened with the blessedness of an uninterrupted and happy matrimonial union. In a letter dated Nov. 15th, 1848, written to a brother of his wife on the occasion of the expected nuptials of that gentleman, he gives in a quotation from Tertullian, a picture which embodies his own experience and sentiments, and which I present as a fair picture of his own wedded life:

"You are on the high road to a pure and rational happiness. And how much joy it gives us to learn that Miss R. has not only rare accomplishments of intellect and character, but, likewise, that she possesses that 'which in the sight of God, is of great price' —the ornament of a pious spirit. I trust that with her you too will choose the better part, that so you may live 'as heirs together of the grace of life.' Tertullian, one of the first Christian fathers, discourses on the subject of *Christian* matrimony so sweetly, that I can not forbear to quote him: 'How can we find words to describe the happiness of that marriage which the Church joineth together, and the united participation of the communion confirmeth, and the blessing sealeth, the angels report, the Father ratifieth? For not even on the earth do sons marry rightly and lawfully without the consent of their fathers. What an union is that of two believers of one hope, one vow, one discipline—the same service! Both brethren, both fellow-servants! No distinction of spirit or of flesh, but really *twain in one flesh* and in one spirit! Together they pray, together fall down, and together pass their holy time: teaching one another, exhorting one another, waiting on one another. Both are together in the Church of God, together in the feast of God, together in straits, in persecutions, in refreshments. Neither hideth aught from the other, neither shunneth the other, neither is a burden to the other. Alms without torture, sacrifices without scruple, daily diligence without hindrance! No stealthy, hurried, silent performance of religious exercises. Psalms and hymns resound between the two, and they *provoke one another*, which shall sing the best to his God. Such things Christ, seeing and hearing, rejoiceth. To these He sendeth *his peace*—*Where* two are, there is Himself also: where Himself also is, there also the Evil one is not.'"

Shortly after his marriage, Mr. Chisholm took

up his residence, with his newly-wedded wife, in Martinsburg. His visits, however, to the kind people of Mount Zion parish, among whom he had so long resided, were frequent, and the company of his amiable lady added to the gratification and the hearty welcome of his old friends there.

In September, 1848, his first-born, and now sole surviving child, William Byrd Chisholm, was born. This darling of his parents is now the object of interest, from the fact that by the last written request of his departed father, he has become the "Child of the Church," by his solemn dedication, in an eloquent and touching document which will form the closing chapter of this memoir. But those who recollect the joyous outpourings of paternal feeling which greeted his birth, do not all know what a severe shock was experienced by these young parents on the occurrence of a most unusual and almost fatal circumstance, that for a time embittered their joy and endangered his life. A free girl of color presented herself as a nurse, not long after his birth, in response to an expressed wish for a careful and experienced one; there was nothing in her appearance to indicate the fiend-like spirit that she after-

wards manifested, and she was employed to nurse the boy on her own terms, and with her free consent; and yet, not long after she had the charge of him, he was observed to be at times strangely affected, and apparently pining away, at last seized with violent spasms threatening his life—this last attack occurred at the house of a brother clergyman in a neighboring town. It was discovered that opiates had been given to him, and the act was traced to this nurse; but what was more alarming it was discovered that he had been forced to swallow quantities of broken pins and needles! Circumstances pointed to this miserable girl as the perpetrator of this wicked deed. Her guilt was ascertained beyond reasonable doubt, and the community was decidedly of opinion that Mr. C. should proceed under the law of Virginia in such cases. The worthy rector—even then in fear for his child, for he was still suffering from the effects of this dreadful treatment, and by no means certain that his child could survive it—at first gave no expression of purpose to his friend and counsellor. The girl upon detection had absconded, though she was known to be lurking in the neighborhood, and could at any time have been apprehended by the officers of the law. This

course the Attorney for the Commonwealth urged very strenuously. In a day or two Mr. Chisholm called upon this friend, who well remembers the characteristic determination of the reverend gentleman, and the manner in which he conveyed to him his final purpose. He observed that he had been very deeply exercised in mind as to his duty in regard to the prosecution. "For myself," said he, "I can declare before God, that I have no malicious feeling towards the poor creature; any indignation and wish to see her punished, if any I entertained, has passed away. For myself, I would leave her to her Maker; punishing her can not undo the deed, or restore the child, if he is to suffer permanently from this dreadful infliction. I forgive her. Nor would my wife desire to make her a public example; but, sir, if you will say that it is my duty as a public citizen, to bring this matter before the courts, I shall do so, but reluctantly, because of the ladies who would have to testify, and because it might look like revenge on my part; but if not, let it pass; she can never harm us again. May God forgive her." These sentiments—together with the fact that the act was committed in another county—whether rightfully or wrongfully, prevented the prosecution.

Thus at the threshold of life, did this child of many prayers and hopes escape from death almost by a miracle, may we not hope for some good end, in the providence of God?

LETTER.

"MARTINSBURG, *February* 22, 1848.

"MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER:

"I spent some four or five days in Clarke, and I need not tell you my stay was of the pleasantest sort. Our good old Bishop was snugly ensconced in winter quarters at his residence, (most appropriately named '*Mountain View*,') distant not two miles from Mr. P.'s. I never saw the excellent man in better spirits. The crowding memories of other years, so vividly called up by companionship with the friend of his childhood and youth, [Mr. P.,] were happily not, as is too often the case with aged friends, of a sombre tinge, but were of an unwonted vivacity and entertaining character. The Bishop—who, as he is undoubtedly more widely known in Virginia, and wields a greater moral influence at this day than any of her sons, so is better versed in the individual history of Virginia than any other man—charmed and delighted us with reminiscences of scenes and events in the past history of the State, and of the Church in this State, and with sketches of character. He drew a most affecting picture of the spiritual desolation of the Church of Virginia, at the time of his earliest acquaintance with men and things, and even after he had been some years in the ministry. Sad as the narrative was, it was not unrelieved by touches of humor, which the good Bishop introduces with the most irresistible effect, from the circumstance that he so rarely indulges in such a strain."

CHAPTER VII.

His Course as a Pastor—Sunday-Schools—Bible-Classes—Attachments of the Colored People—Letters.

I PROCEED to notice, at this stage of my work, whatever may illustrate the subject of this memoir, in his character and ministrations as a minister of the Gospel, officiating as parish presbyter. From the very bearing and humble deportment of the man we should not look for that commanding and sometimes dictatorial authority, which men of more portly dimensions, sterner aspect, and controlling will oftentimes exercise over their flocks. His influence was of the gentler kind, the persuasive rather than the forceful; and truly, the melting warmth of his gentle influence was frequently more effective in inducing the objects of it to throw off their cloak of reserve, or prejudice, or self-dependence, than ministrations of a harsher tone. He walked humbly, and was watchful over all, even the *lambs* of the flock. His old parishioners,

also, can remember how he reclaimed those who were about to be lured into other folds. He did not proselyte himself, but he knew his rights and his duties as a pastor, and he resisted effectually any attempt to draw off members of his church.

He was very careful in the instruction of his young people, by the *Bible-Class*, that most valuable aid to the pulpit. These classes were composed of the older as well as the younger people; and he did not confine himself to oral lecturing and exa mination, but he propounded *in writing* to the members, searching questions demanding the careful collation of passages of Scripture, as well as illustrative readings, and they were requested to produce, *in writing*, answers to these questions.

The *Sunday-School*, also, was a favorite object of his care. The children loved him; he had a child like innocency of manner and simplicity of taste, this was something in common between him and the little ones, and thus their sympathy was almost perfect.

He was, likewise, of all clergymen that we have ever known, the most acceptable to our colored people; his unaffected kindness of manner won their affections; his Sunday evening services for their special benefit were always attended by a

crowded congregation, to which many would go who were not members of any church, but who never failed to listen to his persuasive teachings. He perhaps performed the ceremony of matrimony for them oftener than any other clergyman among his cotemporaries, officiating for such as were not of our communion in his gown and bands, without a book, reciting it accurately from memory.

But the pastor's life has a "shady side" as well as a "sunny side." Mr. Chisholm removed from his parish to another in the extreme southern part of the State, where he finished his ministry. His removal was caused in part by the inadequacy of his support. His own written statement, bearing on this part of the reason, we lay before the reader, regretting that fidelity requires it, yet believing that it will do good. Let us who are of the people face the truth—it never does harm to any body. The relation between pastor and people, under the voluntary system, (the only feasible or endurable one in our country,) is a very delicate one. Great injustice is sometimes, almost *unwittingly*, done to the sensitive, dependent, conscientious pastor from sheer neglect. We forget the narrow stipend—we don't inquire whether it is paid—we perhaps lay down our subscription, or pew-rent, and feel very

virtuous indeed at *our* liberality and punctuality, and all the time the minister may be half-starved —the wife stinting, and saving, and suffering, and expected too to dress, and visit, and work for the church, and be very happy. Let it, however, be stated before giving this history in brief, that no unkind feelings were retained on either side. The renewal of intercourse in after-years brought out all of former kindness on the one side, and of respect and affection on the other.

"PORTSMOUTH, VA., *July* 1, 1850.

"MY DEAR BROTHER: I find your most welcome letter in the office this morning. Your observations on the contrast of the past, in our domestic affairs, with the present, strikes a responsive chord in my own heart. I can not repress the occasional gushings of deep and sad emotion, at the recollection of those pleasant days and scenes—I may truly say the most pleasant of my life. Sometimes the recollection that for a short while a home was mine, and with it all the joys that crowd the household nook, not the least of which was the companionship of beloved kindred and friends. The attempt to realize it, to assure myself that it has been and is not now, costs me a pang. Last night I dreamed of the parsonage; I thought we had not vacated it, that we were still living there; and I went to the pleasant window of my little study, and viewed with admiration the improved appearance of the garden-lot, carefully weeded and teeming with fine vegetables and fruits. And I may add that the reflection which consoles me under the too early loss of that which had been so long the object of my ardent wishes, (not on my account, solely or chiefly, but

on our dear Jane's account,) is this: that it would have been madness for me to remain to be pinched and pushed, as I must inevitably be with so scanty a stipend, so irregularly paid. I now, and at this distance of time and place, look back with amazement at the careless indifference shown for so many years by all but one or two towards me and my temporal welfare, when my exertions and best years were so unsparingly devoted, to my best ability, to their spiritual and eternal interests. But I neither regret having persevered in laboring in that my first parish, nor, on the other hand, having left as and when I did.

"I recollect our good friend H., one day shortly before my departure, expressing regret that I entered as soon as I did upon the occupancy of the parsonage, and adding his strong persuasion that had I waited until the entire completion of the building before entering it, I would not have listened to the Portsmouth offer. This was a mistaken impression of his. Had I not already commenced housekeeping when the first communications from Portsmouth were received in February, I should probably have accepted their offer without hesitation. It was my having entered into possession of the parsonage which led me first promptly to decline, and subsequently to deliberate much before decision. The parsonage would not have been completed at this time. Had I waited for such an occurrence, I should have denied myself the little brief relish of 'Home,' which I have tasted. Please correct for me any impressions of the sort you may hear stated."

The rest of this letter is taken up in details of the troubles and mortification arising from the difficulty of settling his accounts.

It is nearly a year after, in his letter of June 9th, 1851, that he writes: "It will be interesting

news to you that every cent of the unpaid balance of my salary, due from Trinity Church, has been paid up." But if these dues had been paid when he was leaving, it would have saved much trouble and anxiety to this faithful minister. This $300, from both parishes, would have cleared off his little dues, enabled him *himself* to settle before he left, thus correcting improper charges and bills, and the farewell would have been heartier and truer between minister and people. I have not alluded to this subject without a purpose. I well know that *all* are not to blame for "keeping back part of the price" agreed to be paid for a minister's services; that many pay up scrupulously. I have not gone into details, as I might have done by simply transcribing Mr. C.'s letters before me. My purpose is of a far higher aim than to admonish, or to bring charges against individuals. I take my share of the blame. It is everywhere, in every parish—an evil to a greater or less extent. Let those who have kept back the wages and hire of these hard-working but poorly-paid servants of the Lord, which they have engaged and promised to pay, *look to it.* If there be less danger of legal proceedings, for the enforcement of such claims, so much stronger is the moral ob-

ligation, so much the more is the clergyman's unpaid pew-rent or subscription, *a debt of honor*. This neglect to pay up their subscriptions to clergymen, I must be permitted to say, is fraught with a further evil; for it overburdens those who feel the good name of the Church to be at stake, and who look into the condition also of their pastor and his family; and these superadded burdens sometimes bear hard upon others, whose liberality may be greater than their means. If these few reflections should have the effect of awakening Christian professors to a higher sense of duty on this subject, the author will have attained his end, in referring to a matter fraught with painful recollections, and not to be adverted to save in a spirit of Christian candor, and from a sense of duty. Again, let it be understood that these views are not to be considered as setting forth the relations between Mr. Chisholm and his former parishioners, in the times *subsequent* to his removal. All feeling of irritation soon passed away. Subsequent visits to Berkeley, by exhibiting the estimate in which he was held, would alone have proved this. The spontaneous outpouring of kindly feeling, the warm greetings between parishioners and their former pastor—all the evidences

of Christian fellowship and sincere affection were shown and acknowledged by him, and in the last dark days of doubt and suspense during the pestilence, this deep feeling shone out in our very streets. There was sympathy in every eye, and the anxious query on every tongue—"How is it with dear Mr. Chisholm?"

In speaking of the pastoral labors of the Rev. Mr. Chisholm, it may be natural that inquiry should be made as to the numbers who were united to the Church under his ministry. This is by many persons regarded as the sole, or at least the *chief test* of the success of a minister of the Gospel. We beg leave to dissent from this opinion; although perhaps Mr. Chisholm's ministry may well compare, in this respect, with that of the most of his brethren in the ministry.

He was the instrument under God of adding many to the communion of the Church, during the eight years of his ministry in Berkeley. In July, 1845, eighteen were confirmed at one time. Many others were added to the churches at different times. His successor, in making his report to the Convention of 1851, remarks, in reporting twenty-two additional communicants: "This report, as well as that from Norborne parish, in-

cludes the official acts of my esteemed predecessor —Rev. James Chisholm. Not only so, but he labored for some eight years diligently and faithfully. I have only entered into his labors and reaped what he had sown. May both of us rejoice together." His success also in Portsmouth —where he built up a church from small beginnings, and under peculiar disadvantages, arising from the fact that the congregation of St. John's had separated itself from the older congregation of the Episcopal Church in Portsmouth, and had called him as their *first* pastor—shows that even by the numerical test, he was successful. But his example of Christian humility, and holiness of life and conversation, was a blessing to many whose names were not inscribed upon the church register, when he was called away from them. His maxim was, to "sow beside all waters," leaving results with Him who is able to make the seeds spring up and bring forth fruit unto everlasting life.

CHAPTER VIII.

Removal from Berkeley—Letters on the Subject—Numbers added to Communion—This not the only Test of Fidelity and Usefulness—Resignation—Removes to Portsmouth—Identification with the People—Letter to the Author—Journey together in Company to Convention in Wheeling, in 1853—Incidents—Letter.

THE connection of eight years between Mr. Chisholm and his Berkeley congregations was dissolved by the following letter:

"MARTINSBURG, *June* 13, 1850.

"DEAR FRIENDS: In conformity with the apparent indications of the Divine will and providence, I have come to the conclusion to ask of you your assent to the dissolution of those, to me, most pleasant pastoral relations which have subsisted between us for eight years.

"I earnestly and humbly commend my beloved parishioners to the kind regard, and the blessing of the Great Head of the Church.

"Will you, my esteemed friends of the two vestries, accept my heartfelt thanks for your kind, generous exertions and sacrifices for the furtherance of my interests and comfort? May God bless, preserve, and prosper you and yours.

"Your greatly attached friend,

"JAMES CHISHOLM

"*To the United Vestries of Norborne Parish, Berkeley.*"

Shortly after this, Mr. Chisholm removed to Portsmouth, Virginia, in compliance with a call to that place from a new congregation—as rector of which he remained from 1850 until his death, in 1855.

Our friend was at his post in Portsmouth in about a month after his resignation of the Berkeley parish. His labors here we shall not enlarge upon. He found congenial hearts, warm friends, sympathy, and true kindness. His letters from his new home abound with accounts of the satisfaction which he found in his new field. According to his custom, he seemed to enter into the pursuits and industrial peculiarities of the locality of his residence for the time being. When in the rich valley of the State, he rejoiced over the rich clover lands and teeming wheat-fields; when in Portsmouth he speaks with great interest of the vast vegetable productions of the neighborhood, raised for the Northern markets. In writing to a friend in the upper country, he says:

"Spring has opened upon us in all its varied beauty of forest, field, and garden vegetation. It is expected that green peas will be sent from the farms in our vicinity to the Northern markets by the end of this week, (May 4.) The spectacle presented by a farm of this description would, I presume, be novel to you,

and is most grateful to the eye. Acres upon acres of pea-vines, clad in their peculiarly bright livery, and thickly dotted with their snowy blossoms, or of strawberry-vines, similarly adorned, present the most agreeable suggestions to more than one of the senses. It would probably surprise a citizen of the midland and upper portion of the State to learn to what an extent our agricultural community are embarked in this species of enterprise, and how rapidly, under this new mode of culture, this comparatively sterile section of the commonwealth is developing resources, not merely of sustenance, but of enrichment for its cultivators. The critical season, when crops and fortunes are made or lost in this business, is the period of the ensuing three months—after the middle of July, the season of the last of the great crops, tomatoes will have passed. Our farmers are now trembling, from day to day, '*inter spemque metumque*,' in regard to the safety of the latter. The tomato plants have all been removed from the genial air of the hot-bed and set in open field, and for two nights past there has been a slight frost. A heavy one would destroy the hopes of the cultivator, and would probably cut off, likewise, all the present flattering anticipations in regard to the early tree-fruits, particularly peaches, which ripen here in the first week of July. I ought to add that we denizens of the soil are, Tantalus-like, placed up to our necks amid a plenty of which we are denied the taste—at least the first taste. The first fruits of each crop are boxed and barrelled up, and transmitted with an express dispatch to the commercial metropolis of the Union, to regale the pampered palates of her princes. Of course our region is not first in the race—Charleston furnishes peas two weeks, and the Bermudas tomatoes two months in advance of us. But we form an important link in the succession of contributors of unseasonable luxuries.

"I find, my dear sir, that I have nearly filled my little sheet with nothing—nothing worthy of recording—nothing upon the

great and precious theme of our common salvation. But I am not forgetful of your present joy and peace in believing. Often, very often, do I rejoice in spirit with you and for you. I shall be happy, indeed, if this nugatory sheet shall have the effect of drawing from you a refreshing communication upon the good things of that spiritual feast which affords the undying soul resources for 'delighting itself in fatness.' It is said that St. Jerome used to exact of one of his friends that he should *write*, at short intervals, though it were only to inform him that he had *nothing to write*—and it is from a conviction of the importance of intercourse to securing the benefits of friendship and maintaining its sacred bond, rather than because I had any thing worth communicating, that I have now written; regretting what I have lost by my neglect to keep up correspondence with one whom I very greatly desire to see *face to face*."

This desire, which was truly reciprocated by his correspondent, was gratified unexpectedly in about three weeks thereafter. The Annual Convention of Virginia was to sit, for the year 1853, in Wheeling. The great work of extending the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to that place, over the Alleghanies, had been recently finished. The proposal was made that he should come by his old home in Berkeley, and they should go together to this gathering of the clerical and lay delegates of the Church, which in Virginia is always regarded as a joyous and holy convocation. The distance, the expense, the absence from his family

and flock, were all obstacles to be overcome, and his correspondent hardly hoped to carry out the plan; when one day Mr. Chisholm arrived, after three years' absence, at his house—not only with his needful luggage for the journey, from the extreme south-east corner of the State to the extreme north-west point—but with a basket of green peas, strawberries, and cherries, fresh from the Portsmouth gardens, *a present which he brought in his hands for the family of his friend*, and with his happy, beaming countenance of friendly greeting, more welcome than the fruits or flowers of May. They together passed over the grand scenery on the route, held much happy converse together in the hospitable city of Wheeling, came back in a week, with the resolution that for the future duty should combine with pleasure on every recurring season of the Convention to bring them once a year together, a resolution carried out in 1854 at Lynchburg, and in 1855 at Lexington—alas! how little thought to be the *last* of these blessed reunions.

His letter on his return is dated:

"PORTSMOUTH, *May* 25, 1853.

"MY DEAR MR. C.: Here I am again in the land of tameness and sameness; no rocks, no stones, no mountain's nodding brow,

no dells, no slopes, and consequently no welling springs nor brawling brooks. The transition from the scenes of enchantment, and of sublimity at times too terrific for enjoyment, is much like the awakening from a dream. Our swamp-oaks and fig-bushes don't help me much in the effort mentally to live over again each scene of the last eight or ten days. Dr. Baird, the celebrated lecturer on Europe, whilst delivering his course in our midst a few months ago, called the attention of his audience to the rather remarkable fact that the regions of greatest natural sublimity in Europe had not developed the imaginations and genius of their human denizens in a degree proportionate to their supposed power over the mind. He contrasted the intellectual achievements of Holland and the Netherlands with those of Switzerland. The dyked marshes of the former have nourished more celebrities of the very first magnitude, than the awe-inspiring glories of the latter. I am inclined to conclude that the good Doctor, in commiseration of the unrelieved flatness of this our Holland, stated the paradox in the strongest allowable form.

"After your departure on Monday night the whole company fell into a stupid, droning condition, not at all so interesting as a regular hearty slumber, and from this state of inanity we all aroused, almost simultaneously, to find ourselves in the outskirts of Baltimore, under a steady, drenching rain. My stirring old friend, Mr. G., and myself, after having taken an hour or two of rest, sallied forth from Barnum's to take the tour of the city in an omnibus. This we tried for two or three trips, and then we concluded it to be the best philosophy to go home and give up the exploration of the city, in the midst of a pelting rain, as a bad job; so, after having devoted a while to the examination of some of the novelties of the place, we awaited the departure of the Norfolk boat. Amongst other interesting edifices, we visited Dr. A.'s new and gorgeous Gothic structure, Grace Church, where we found neither *piscina*, *sedilia*, nor *stalls*. I retain a most delight-

ful impression of the scenes and the influences of our recent Convention. Not only *was* it good to be there, but it is now felt to be *good and profitable* for the *future* to have been there. Believe me to be, in Christian regard and fellowship,

"Yours, JAMES CHISHOLM."

In a letter to a brother-in-law he refers to the same romantic ride over the mountain railroad, in this visit. The first sentence refers to a most interesting exhibition of kindness and deep feeling among his parishioners at the North Mountain depot, near Hedgesville. The train usually stops but for a moment; but his old Mount Zion friends had gathered there to meet him. He was forced to leave the cars to return their greetings, the kind conductor actually postponing, for some five or ten minutes, to allow of this, his warning word, "All aboard!"

"PORTSMOUTH, *May* 30, 1853.

"MY DEAR J——: I parted with you 'mid scenes of confusion' occasioned by the simultaneous rush of departing and coming guests at the depot. We went on to Cumberland that afternoon, arriving there at half-past four. Thus we had two or three hours for recreation in one of the most pleasant and picturesque of towns. Mr. C—— and I strolled up to the new Episcopal Church, very beautiful both as to commanding situation and as to structure; but fitted up in the interior with semi-Popish arrangements. We were all roused at half-past two, but did not get fairly started until sunrise. Thus we had the full advantage of beholding the sublime

scenery which begins to open upon us very soon after leaving Cumberland. I could not pretend to describe to you the terrifically sublime line of march which we then pursued for hours from one steep to another of the Alleghanies, passing through some fifteen tunnels, cut through solid rock, winging our perilous way over those fearful bridges of tressle work, and involuntarily holding in our breath, as we severally realized the words of David, 'There is but a step between me and death.' * * * * I can not tell you my singular impressions on first beholding the beautiful Ohio, some dozen miles this side of Wheeling. I did not till then realize that I was in the Great Valley. With the city of Wheeling I was greatly delighted. It is manifestly destined to go ahead of any thing in Virginia. There is a life, a spirit, an efficiency of movement and action that you see nowhere else within the State. It contains a number of interesting manufactories which I visited. Its suspension bridge is a magnificent object. Not the least interesting objects about Wheeling are her splendid line of steamers plying to Cincinnati and Louisville. They surpass the boats on the Atlantic waters. An acquaintance of former days, Mr. C—— B——, formerly of Martinsburg, who has a personal interest in this line (and who was very attentive to Mr. —— and myself) was so generous as to offer me a trip down the Ohio to Louisville and Cincinnati, and nothing but the fact that I had an engagement to be at home to conduct a marriage by the middle of the following week prevented my cordial acceptance of an offer which would have yielded so much gratification. I was very hospitably entertained at the house of Mr. ——, former Mayor of Wheeling. The citizens were profuse and generous in their attentions to us, and the Convention passed off in the pleasantest, happiest manner."

CHAPTER IX.

From May, 1853, to May, 1854—Lynchburg Convention—Death of his Wife—Lines on the Same—Letter to his Brother-in-Law.

THE year from May, 1853, to May, 1854, passed in the midst of the performance of pastoral duties —in the enjoyment of that domestic bliss of which no man was ever more susceptible. His intercourse with his children was peculiarly interesting.

In May, 1854, he attended the Annual Convention, held then at Lynchburg. The expected visit of a brother made it difficult for him to effect this; but again were his friends gladdened with the sight of him. The friend who writes this recalls with saddened pleasure the hours then spent in his company, the arrangements by which they contrived to take each meal together, sometimes by positive breaches of a first invitation, that they might accept a second one where both were invited to the same house. The walks in the environs of that thriving and opulent city, the view from the adjacent heights, the peaks of Otter, and the long

reaches of the James river, and the intervening steep thoroughfares of Lynchburg. His ardent love of travel amidst wild scenery induced him, with many other of his brethren, to accept of an invitation to go on an excursion, west, upon the Tennessee railroad; so that the friends parted in Lynchburg, not to meet until next year in Lexington, before which time a sad bereavement had fallen upon him. His faithful, loving wife was, after a lingering illness, taken from him. His countenance had lost its original brightness. It seemed to say:

"Oh! never, never, never more on me the freshness of the heart shall fall like dew."

The following beautiful lines seem applicable *all* to him: the *first* stanza applying to the happy, beaming, but chastened Christian joy, visible in him at Lynchburg; the second, when he visited Lexington, in May, 1855; the last, to the dark hour when mourning over that son whose dying words he was not permitted to hear. He stood like a soldier in a forlorn hope, ready for death, but steadfast to *his duty:*

"One morning as we wended
Through a path bedight with flowers,
Where all delights were blended
To beguile the fleeting hours,

'Sweet youth, pray turn thee hither,'
Said a voice along the way,
'Ere all these roses wither,
And these fair fruits decay.'
But the youth paused not to ponder
If the voice were good or ill,
For, said he, my home is yonder
O'er the hill there, o'er the hill.

"Again, high noon was glowing
O'er a wide and weary plain,
And there, right onward going
Was the traveller again.
He seemed another being
Than the morning's rosy youth;
But I quickly knew him, seeing
His unaltered brow of truth.
'Rest, stranger, rest till even,'
Sang alluring voices still;
But he cried, 'My rest is heaven,
O'er the hill there, o'er the hill.'

"The shades of night were creeping
A sequestered valley o'er,
Where a dark, deep stream was sweeping
By a dim and silent shore;
And there the pilgrim, bending
With the burden of the day,
Was seen still onward wending,
Through 'a strait and narrow way.'
He passed the gloomy river
As it were a gentle rill,
And rested—home for ever,
O'er the hill there, o'er the hill!"

We subjoin extracts from his letters, dated about the last of February and the month of March, showing how this Christian lady, the ob-

ject of the love of so many hearts—the second self of the devoted husband, met the last enemy. The annals of our holy religion abound with many examples of the power of faith over death. The circumstances are detailed generally by those whose professed adherence to truth is solemnized by the feelings of the occasion. We may be satisfied that nothing in the following details is exaggerated.

Can the skeptic tell us how, upon a mere delusion, such a power can be given to a shrinking, delicate, timid woman? Or if it be owing to strength of conviction of the truth of religion, why can not the same strength of conviction of its falsity, on his part, enable the skeptic so to meet death? Death is the great mystery of our being. Hume, Gibbon, Voltaire, and Paine, and others of their school, professed to have solved this riddle. So does the Christian. The hour of death is the *experimentum crucis*. Which of them believes in their solution when the test is applied—when the honest hour cometh?

To Mrs. M. Chisholm, Salem.

"PORTSMOUTH, *Wednesday, March 7th*, 1855.

"MY DEAR SISTER: Your soothing and sympathizing letters came to me in this morning's mail. I doubt not you are already

apprised that the day on which I wrote you, Tuesday, the 27th, proved to be the day of the greatest calamity of my life. I sent you by mail on Saturday last, an obituary in the column of a daily paper. I now forget what I said in my last letter: indeed, most of what transpired during those last solemn days, except in the death-chamber, has faded from my memory. Oh! it was a death-scene never to be forgotten by even the most casual or careless spectator. It was that miracle of the moral world; the triumph of sanctified human nature over its last, its great, its terrible foe—Death. The unruffled calmness of that triumph! It was not a closing of the eyes, and a forced insensibility of the mind to any even of the most terrific aspects of death. It was a serene and fixed eyeing of the foe, and more than a conquest over him, through the might and grace of a present Redeemer. Not an expression savored of even a momentary obliviousness of what was before her; not even a gesture or look indicated aught of the nature of excitement. Whilst not one of her family or numerous and attached friends could command composure, or find relief for their uncontrollable emotions otherwise than in tears and suppressed sobs, she was all the while, though undergoing intense and various physical suffering, perfectly unruffled, the only composed one, the only glad and happy one, amid a circle of broken-spirited mourners. Nor was her reason clouded even for one instant. The last respiration, and its accompanying slight and momentary convulsive movement of the features, found her equally conscious in mind, collected in spirit, and happy in her soul. But what was the secret of her blessed composure? Was it aught akin to consciousness of having acted well her part in life? No! far from it. Never did I witness a more deep and painful consciousness of unworthiness and unprofitableness before her God and Judge. But it was her perfect and unhesitating confidence in the efficacy of the blood of Jesus

Christ to cleanse each believer from all sins: it was this which constituted the secret of her glorious triumph. How often, and with what emphasis, would she repeat those precious words which embrace the whole theme of God's message to man: 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sins.' On Tuesday, leaning over her and applying my lips to her ear, I was privileged to enjoy a last full and free and confidential conversation with her, in which we reviewed rapidly the stages of our alas! too brief union on earth; spoke of the little ones, engaged audibly together in a brief and earnest prayer for them, and commendation of their case, and especially their spiritual interests, to the great Friend and Defender of these orphaned ones; then talked briefly together of the brief intervening *future on earth*, and matters of domestic interest and care, and also of the final and endless *future in heaven*, of which the moment of our expected reünion would constitute the first blissful moment. Then, as if nothing now remained but to announce the dissolution of the conditions of our earthly union, she pointed to her bridal-ring and asked me with regard to it: What disposal I would prefer to make of it? In reply I expressed a desire that she would indicate its disposal. She then inquired if I would be willing to wear it. On my expressing a desire to do so, she calmly drew it from her wasted finger and placed it upon my own; there to remain, in all probability, until the arrival of that blessed day wherein, God's grace helping me, we shall meet, no more to be sundered."

To Joseph Chisholm.

"PORTSMOUTH, *March* 8, 1855.

"MY DEAR BROTHER: This the severest of all domestic afflictions, is the first that has cast a shadow on my pathway. From

the stunning effects of the blow, I feel that I have not yet awakened to the full and awful realization of my case. My dear and affectionate sisters-in-law, who had been summoned to Jane's sick bed-side, and had been in constant ministrations to her sufferings, whilst their cheerful countenances had cheered and animated my home, remained until two days since; and, meantime, Frazer came on last Friday morning, and remained with me likewise until two days since. The companionship of these loved ones soothed and beguiled our sorrows. Domestic affairs have now, for the first time for more than two months, subsided into the ordinary quiet channel. Each home-habit and occurrence now holds its wonted way. The merry laugh and the short fleet step of the little boys, as usual ring through the house. But where is now the gentle, genial, all-pervading influence of the centre of all home's delights and charities? The household's rallying point; its attractive and tenderly uniting band—where is she? One sudden, mighty surge has swept over us, and the quiet which ensues in its wake is that of its own desolating power. But, dear brother, do not suspect me of forgetting the source of my calamity, and the great and manifold and blessed designs with which it has been sent upon me. I, who have taught others the highest lessons of Christian attainment, should have complete, childlike, humble submission to the Divine Will. I am now sitting as a learner in the school of that great and good Master, who has Himself drained the cup of human woe to its last fearful dregs, so that we might only taste it, and tasting it, learn to turn to that other cup, that cup of refreshment, which his other hand presents—even the cup of the waters of life. I do most fervently pray, that I may neither on the one hand despise—treat lightly—this chastening of the Lord; nor on the other hand, be weary or faint when I am rebuked of Him. I know, I feel that it is because He *loves that He chastens:* that

the loving corrections of my covenant God are any thing but an indication of His disfavor, although a solemn summons to increased diligence and concentration of soul, in laboring for His glory, and working out my own salvation. 'Lord, Thou didst give,' and Thou hast resumed Thy own hallowed gift. Oh! crowning mercy, I trust that Thou art enabling me to respond in this hour of bereavement, and not less than in the hour of happy possession: 'Blessed be the name of the Lord.' Soul-refreshing were the manifestations of the power and grace of God our Saviour, in that death chamber. Such calm composure in announcing that she was about to take leave of us; such faithful and appropriate remarks and Christian counsels to every one of her family, and friends and acquaintances, who drew near to her bedside; such blessed and unwavering confidence in her acceptance and salvation, through faith in the merits and blood of her Redeemer, whose acquaintance she had formed in the bright day of youth and health, and who revealed Himself now as a precious and tried foundation on which to rest her fainting and sinking soul—I never saw. It was a miracle of grace and love. Intense and unintermitted as were her sufferings, she testified the greatest delight in every devotional exercise. And we sang around her bed frequently, during the last two days. When the hymn, 'How firm a foundation,' was sung, she joined, herself, in a clear, firm, sweet voice, throughout the closing verse: 'The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose.' Other hymns that were sung to the very joy of her heart, were: 'Jesus, Saviour of my soul,' the popular hymn, 'Just as I am,' 'All is well,' 'Asleep in Jesus.' Often did she quote and apply to her own case, 'The Dying Christian to his Soul,' 'Vital spark of heavenly flame.' Often did she exclaim: 'The world recedes, it disappears: Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears with sounds seraphic ring.' About an hour before her Saviour dismissed her ransomed spirit

from its companionship with its clay tenement, she inquired of me, with the most perfect calmness and deliberation: 'Is there such a thing as having too strong and full a confidence in the atoning blood of Jesus?' I replied that there was not, and after a few observations, inquired: 'Do you feel such a confidence?' 'Oh! yes!' she exclaimed, uttering each word with emphasis, 'a perfect confidence.' But the most touching of all the scenes I have ever witnessed, was her parting with her children, after having had them summoned into her room, about twenty-four hours before her death. Words that ought to be graven with an iron pen on the rocks for ever, did she utter with her wonted calmness to dear little Willie, and so adapted to his comprehension that he understood each word. For such a mother to take a long and deliberate farewell without one particle of rising emotion, was an act to which only the grace of God, through Christ strengthening her, could have fortified her soul. The death-chamber was truly bright with opening gleams of promised heaven. With her whom we mourn, the worst is past. The worst? Nay; all of evil, and trouble, and sorrow, that constituted her burden is for ever merged, lost, annihilated, in the unfathomed depths of that ocean—*Redeeming Love.* To her as a disciple of Jesus, life brought its severe, though comparatively brief, discipline of suffering and chastisement. The period of our union, every day of which was to me bright and genial, and happy as that of any husband ever was; made so by the attractive energy of her affection, and by the rare moral symmetry and beauty of her character; that period was to her alas! largely dashed with suffering, the more grievous, doubtless, to her because of her ingenious and too successful efforts to conceal it from those she would fain spare all solicitude in regard to herself. She was a matured Christian when I first became acquainted with her. The spirit of her Master lived, and breathed, and loved, in all she designed, or said, or did.

"If you knew the consolations your letters afford me, dear brother and sister, you would write frequently.

"Affectionately, JAMES."

To his Sister-in-law.

"PORTSMOUTH, *March* 22, 1855.

"MY BELOVED SISTER: I wish you knew how refreshing were your own and dear Mrs. Cushing's letters to me. They were truly answers to my own troubled spirit. Coming from those who have experienced grief, and have not in vain sought for the rich and exhaustless consolation of which a compassionate Saviour is the source, I realize that it is in mercy, not in wrath, that He is now dealing with me. I perceive that there is a 'need be,' that I am in heaviness through tribulation. 'As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten.' I feel that hitherto the unruffled current of my life had not presented this indication of Divine *parental* relationship, namely, *chastisement.* Time, indeed, brings no abatement of sorrow; discloses constantly new sources of mental suffering and disquietude, on account of my exceeding great loss. But the most gracious word of promise and invitation comes home to my soul with a heaven-sent solace for each rising sorrow. I am brought nearer to my Saviour. It is as though I had hitherto heard of Him (whom I trust I can say my soul loveth) by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Him. Eternity casts its solemn lights and shadows more distinctly over the relations past, present, and future of time. I range mentally over the past, the few happy, happy years in which, as companions in life's journey, with literally but one heart, one mind, one common current of sympathies, attachments, tastes, hopes, en-

joyments, (for sure never was there between two beings more entire congeniality;) and I thank Him who gave us each to the other; I thank Him for the refined and ceaseless happiness which her cherished companionship inspired; I thank Him for the beautiful example of child-like faith in my Redeemer, and of cheerful acquiescence in each allotment of providence which the intimacy of a oneness of existence between us afforded me day by day. She was more than a helper to me in each walk of life. She was, rather by silent, winning, and eloquent example, than by words, my faithful Mentor. And this was God's most merciful bestowment—not only crowning those years with the highest boons of earthly bliss, but promoting my soul's welfare for eternity. She was a mature Christian when my acquaintance with her commenced."

In a letter to a lady, in Shepherdstown—a connection of his wife, and a very dear friend—dated Feb. 27, 1855, the day of her death, he writes: "Dear, dear Jane is at the point of dissolution, entirely conscious of her situation. All is peace—all is peace. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. The serene composure of heaven irradiates her countenance." On the next day, Feb. 28: "Her departure took place, perfectly serene and tranquil, about ten o'clock last night. She was conscious to the latest breath, and passed away without a struggle. The last utterance of her lips was: 'Yes, a perfect confidence.'"

Upon the death of Mrs. Chisholm some of his

parishioners paid all the expenses incident to the funeral, and handed him the receipted bills. This delicate attention was responded to in the following letter:

"How shall I give expression, my beloved parishioners, acquaintances, and friends, to my sense of your unparalleled tenderness, assiduity, sympathy, and generosity towards me and mine, throughout the protracted stages of suffering by which my great calamity was preceded? And when, at length, all that a solicitude no less than brotherly and sisterly could suggest and devise, proved unavailing; and the tabernacle that had enshrined her spirit whom you loved so well lay prostrate and tenantless, then your generous cares were lavished upon those mortal remains to a degree that overpowered me!

* * * * *

"I most fervently pray, and shall continue so to do whilst I have breath to pray, 'The Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead and with me!' 'The Lord give mercy unto your households, for ye have oft refreshed me.' 'The Lord grant unto you that ye may find mercy of the *Lord* IN THAT DAY.'"

CHAPTER X.

Pestilence in Portsmouth and Norfolk—Journal of Events for the First Month.

We come now to the fearful scourge that came down upon the devoted cities of Portsmouth and Norfolk, in the summer and autumn of 1855.

We have lingered around the threshold of this topic—we dread to lift the pall—we are pained to renew the griefs of that awful visitation.

But it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting, for that is the end of all men. The heart of the wise is in the house of mourning. We all have to mourn, and we may *not*, all, feast and rejoice. Let us recall these days of darkness, then; not with any wish to open up old wounds, to revive forgotten sorrows, but to exhibit the utter helplessness of man, the fearful fragility of his mortal body, the impotency of youth, and health, and riches, and station, to avert

the arrow that flieth by day, the pestilence that walketh in darkness, the sickness that wasteth at noon-day; but to exhibit him, at the same fearful hour, rising above fear—looking beyond the grave—defying these arrows in the strength of a high and holy trust—and calmly fulfilling the noblest duties of humanity, amidst squalor, dying groans, mortal terrors, and the last offices to the pestilential corpse. This brightening up of God's undying image, in his fallen creature, comes from a light which shines *through* the sepulchre. It first was lit up, on that memorable resurrection morn, succeeding the last typical passover, in Joseph of Arimathea's "own new tomb;" it has ever since, through that open sepulchre, cast forth its heaven-derived radiance along a bright but narrow path. Blessed is the man that cometh to that Light.

We have no desire to follow in the track of Boccacio, or Defoe, or Pepys. We have no right to assume the office of historian of the Yellow Fever at Gosport, Portsmouth, and Norfolk, in the summer and autumn of 1855.

We were not eye-witnesses to the same, but Mr. Chisholm was. He never left the spot until he was carried to his grave, about the 11th of September. He was besides a *voluntary* sojourner

there. He was urged to fly, as thousands of his neighbors did. He *approved* of their doing so, in his benign and charitable estimate of others, while *he* positively, and upon reasons assigned, chose himself to remain. It is due to his memory that these reasons should be given—hence I publish his journal from the 27th day of July to the 11th of August, inclusive, and follow it up with his letters, subsequent to the day of his being seized himself. These details are needful; they may peradventure, in some cases renew sorrow, but they are *never* calculated to produce pain or shame. Certainly the reader will see that they were never so intended by the amiable narrator. If, however, there should be a sentence or an allusion calculated to do so, it has escaped the eye of the author, who has been compelled, by professional engagements, to prepare the narrative irregularly, out of continuity, and with many interruptions. He prays forgiveness and a kind construction of his motives, *in limine*. A History of the Plague will be sought for hereafter. Should not such authentic data as we can give be laid out for the future annalist of that dark and desolating pestilence?

JOURNAL OF EVENTS.

Friday, July 27.—On my arrival in Portsmouth the afternoon of the day I parted with you all at the depot in Petersburg, I learned that Mrs. M. had just died at the Crawford House. At dead of night on Thursday night, two gentlemen went from Mr. McFadden's sick chamber in quest of me, and not finding me, called on Mr. Hume, who had very satisfactory interviews with the dying man. The funeral, which took place at sunset, within three hours of dissolution, was the only one which has been followed by a procession of carriages. Throughout his illness, by day and by night, Mr. M. received every attention from the young gentlemen of Portsmouth. The weather is intensely sultry; the moon-light nights lovely. You know that it is not a week since public attention was awakened to the existence of yellow fever in Gosport. This evening Mr. H. gave permission to the removal of Mr. and Mrs. G. to his farm-house.

Saturday, July 28.—It is reported that a corpse, uncoffined, was found this morning as late as 7 o'clock, in the Roman Catholic church-yard; the body of some member of that church who died over night, and whose friends were determined that it should be buried in consecrated ground. But this is against the town laws. In this state of things a portion of Portlock's Cemetery is appropriated to the future interment of Roman Catholics who may die of the disease. The poor Irish girl at Captain L.'s, who had lost one of her family, has now lost them all, and is alone in the world. Moreover, having gone over to Gosport in the midst of the infection, it is not deemed safe by the L——s to receive her back into their family. But Captain L. is making great exertions to secure some place for a nightly shelter to this and another poor Irish girl similarly situated. Until ten o'clock at night they were roaming about the streets, as many of their countrymen and wo-

men have been doing for several nights. At last a temporary refuge is obtained for these girls in the Academy for two nights.

Sunday, July 29.—Very early in the morning it is discovered that several of the Irish from Gosport are hanging about the Academy inclosure. Soon a gathering of citizens from various quarters takes place, and the excitement occasioned by the apprehension that the Academy is to become a rendezvous for members from the seat of infection, become so great that the Irish all leave the spot, and the Academy becomes closed up again. However, these poor creatures received every humane attention, and good food and clean clothing come in to them in abundance from various families in this and the neighboring streets. Not having articles of food in the house myself, I handed Mrs. P. $1 to be appropriated to their relief. The pest-house, temporarily constructed out in the vicinity of Portlock Cemetery, and upon which many of our citizens have been working day and night for the past forty-eight hours, is completed and made ready for the reception of sufferers. But now, behold, unlooked-for difficulties arise and threaten to defeat the wise and benevolent plan of removal. In the first place, the wretched and squalid patients in Irish Row positively refused to abandon their pestilential abodes. These, in number between three hundred and four hundred, reeking in nameless abomination of filth and stench, and exhibiting in their conduct towards one another a hard-heartedness of which we would not have dared to believe human nature capable under such circumstances, revelling and fighting and quarrelling amongst the dying and over the dead—they refuse to stir. It became necessary shortly before service-time to send away for their priest, Mr. D., to come among them and use such authority for this end as his official relation gave him over them. This difficulty being adjusted, and their consent to go being obtained by mingled ecclesiastical promises and fulminations, new trials present them-

selves. Neither the vehicles nor hands to assist in lifting in the patients and driving them over to the new pest-house can be obtained on any consideration. Thus the day wears away, and I never saw a more disheartened band of men than our physicians.

Monday, July 30.—Applications having been renewedly made by the physicians in every direction, and steadily and flatly refused by the alarmed citizens, they finally, to-day, have to employ their own servants and carts. After numberless difficulties had been encountered and successively obviated, the removal of the great body of the patients from Irish Row, took place this morning. The creatures were actually unwilling to help one another—the well, the invalids—and the physicians and Mr. D. together, assisted most of them into the carts. A most melancholy spectacle is the removal, under the noon-day heat of an almost tropical sun. Nine carts were filled with sufferers, in some cases two in a cart, lying prostrate; in others, three or four sitting. Their agonized faces and their piteous groans awakened mingled horrors and compassion. Even after they had been there transferred, these unfortunates became discontented and unruly, and in one instance, at least, actually escaped to town, hiding no one knows where. Between 11 o'clock and 1, I was engaged in going the rounds among my people in Newtown and Gosport. Found all perfectly well, though some were in the midst of pestilence and death. The R——s were on the borders of the ill-fated district. They were dejected and undecided what to do. Their beautiful floral garden, flaunting a gayety and glory of colors and forms which seem to mock the human misery around, had ceased to afford complacency to the enthusiastic horticulturist. Thence went over to S——'s. In the same block, now abandoned by all but themselves, there had been, the previous week, disease and death. On the opposite side of the narrow street was the house tenanted by Mrs. K. and her family, and Mr. G., her son-in-law; the latter and Mrs. K——'s

two daughters very sick, (within forty-eight hours after, they all three died.) Mrs. S., so busy in her culinary preparations below stairs that she did not hear my knock for some time. Her doors and windows facing the sick houses, all closed. She tells me they can not remove; that they have taken every precaution in the use of disinfectants, etc., and that she trusts that God will preserve them in the midst of danger, or prepare them for His holy will, which contingency she seems desirous to meet in a Christian spirit. As I left the house, Mr. S. came home from the yard to dinner, well and cheerful. I begged them to apprise me in case they should be taken sick. To-day and yesterday have been dismal days in our community. The angel of death is, as it were, hovering in mid-air over our two towns, waiting the divine mandate, to deal around pestilence and death; for to-day the alarming discovery is made that seventeen cases have broken out in one vicinity on Water street, in Norfolk. I can not describe the appearance of the streets at this intelligence, or the dejected and panic-stricken appearance of the inhabitants. But as yet there is no evidence that the uneasiness of the public mind has exerted a disturbing influence upon business. One store only, Mr. M——'s dry goods store has been closed, and thus far every case reported has been traced to the one locality in Gosport as its source. This morning I called upon Mrs. M., who is staying at Mr. W.'s.

Tuesday, July 31.—Early this morning three graves have been dug for those who had died in the night. The hands employed in digging became exhausted. To-day, about 2 P.M., a fine thunder-shower, after which the weather became much cooler, an agreeable contrast to the intense sultriness of the previous week. This morning the deputation of citizens who had been to Washington to solicit the use of the Naval Hospital, returned, announcing the successful result of their suit. The wife of Mr. F., who a few days ago had removed from the infected district to

King street, is sick, but convalescent. Manifestly the excitement is subsiding. At 5 P.M., called on Mrs. C., whom I found very well and cheerful. Whilst conversing upon the great calamity of the day she evinced her characteristic tranquillity and self-command as well as considerate allowance for the timidity of those who could not control their fears, as Mr. M., who had left town. It is characteristic of her to be thoughtful for others. In the course of conversation she remarked that she had allotted to-morrow (Wednesday) to making a quantity of that powerful disinfectant, thieves' vinegar, for the supply of several of her friends who had requested it, her own former supply being well-nigh exhausted. She expressed her intention of sending me some to use in case of being called to attend in sick rooms. She then proceeded to narrate to me the tradition in regard to the origin of the name of this preparation. I took leave just as the Weldon train was entering Crawford street, and we indulged in some playful comment on the extreme timidity manifested by some of the passengers. Took tea with Mr. R. at Mr. W.'s last night. Near midnight the captain of the Augusta in alarm left his wharf at N., and sailed away to Old Point.

Wednesday, August 1.—Very damp atmosphere, with frequent showers all day long. Mr. M., of Gosport, gunner, was carried over to the hospital, sick of the fever, (he did not survive his removal forty-eight hours.) At tidings of M——'s sickness, his neighbor, R., took the alarm, and made arrangements for removing his family to Baltimore, having been warned by his physician that if he spent another night in Gosport it would be at the risk of his life. The Baltimore papers of Saturday evening, had notified that henceforward no one from Gosport would be received on the boats of the daily line. R., to his amazement, learned this prohibition just as he was about to take the boat. He sat down and wept bitterly, asking if they would require him

and his to stay in Gosport and die. Then arousing to the conviction that no time must be lost, he went and procured a wagon to take himself and family to a house about three miles from town, whose occupant had offered to board him, or rent him apartments. But scarcely had they got seated in the house, when the family began to give signs of the utmost alarm. After remaining an hour or so, and entirely failing to quell their apprehensions, he was obliged (the night had come on, and it was raining,) to look up some conveyance in the neighborhood for the removal of his family to town. With some difficulty he succeeded, and they reached town after 9 o'clock at night, and sought and found shelter from the elements, and a hospitable reception, with a family of connection on Court street. A few days afterwards they left for Philadelphia. In the afternoon, funeral of old Gen. Hodges. P. M., called on Mr. and Mrs. S. At night, called on the L——s. This afternoon, H., a German, of neat personal habits, and steady, excellent character, died of yellow fever, and was buried. He resided back of Hugh street, between it and King street, in the vicinity of the F——s and G——s. Also, in the same vicinity, the police-officer is very sick, (he died in forty-eight hours.)

Thursday, August 2.—This is a morning of frowning skies and dreary prospects. Coffins are being ordered before the deaths of patients. This morning, Mr. S. received from the hospital an order for three coffins at once, and a request to have two more in readiness within a few hours, as they would be inevitably required. In several instances within the last few days, it has been found next to impossible to obtain persons to shroud the corpses, and lift them into the coffins. It is found equally impracticable to procure any to assist in removing the sick from their homes to the hospital. This morning the family of H., (the German,) who died yesterday, consisting of his wife and daughter,

sick with the fever, were carried from their house to the cart by the physician and his brother, and the priest. No other aid could be obtained, though the opposite pavement was crowded with curious spectators. Two little boys of the family yet remained at the now desolate home. The spectacle of these children sitting out on the pavement, after the removal of the family, was heart-touching. Mrs. H. and daughter lingered a few days, and died. There are daily new indications of the gradual shutting off of the various avenues of communication between this place and the rest of the country. On Tuesday, the decree of the Mayor of New-York was received, announcing that the Jamestown and Roanoke would no longer come to Norfolk, but touch at Old Point for exchange of freight, passengers, etc., on her way to and from Richmond. Yesterday, Wednesday, the stage-coach running between Portsmouth and Elizabeth City, was arrested within ten miles of the latter place, and sent back with its load of passengers, the U. S. Mail alone being allowed to go to Elizabeth City. New cases of fever are occurring in M——'s and B——'s family. It now becomes palpably plain that the district inclosed by High, Crawford, King, and Middle streets, is an infected district. There is sickness all through it, and in part of Middle and County streets adjacent. To-day, a man has been employed to convey the sick to the hospital. He has W——'s baggage-wagon, fitted up with bed and a canvas covering. He is driving like Jehu up and down the streets, smoking furiously, and, I am told, drinking inordinately. He has done a heavy day's work in this line. When at night-fall he arrived with his last load at the hospital, he complained of feeling excessively fatigued, and the physician jocosely remarked to him that he himself would be the next one brought thither. And sure enough, the next morning, Friday, he was brought in, and on the next Monday night, died. Called at Mrs. R——'s and

N——'s and Mrs. G——'s. Court street is alive this afternoon with fires of tar. Very cool and damp evening. The disease is manifestly alarmingly on the increase. Among others who have been taken to-day to the hospital, are S. and his wife and child, whom I saw well on Monday. Streets at night begin to have a dreary appearance, nearly all the stores being closed by dark. Families and individuals have been leaving town for several days past, but there are growing indications of a wide-spread, uncontrollable panic, and the ensuing days will probably witness a great exodus.

Friday, August 3.—By day-break every part of the town is astir. Hacks, carts, wheelbarrows, porters laden with trunks, valises, and boxes, and hastening as if for life, are seen in every street: whole families are seen in a body, threading their way with agitated countenances and hurried steps, each parent's arms laden with helpless children; and by sun-rise the dépôt wharf presents a scene of crowded human life and personal effects, such as I have never before seen. Many hundreds left this morning by the Richmond, and the other morning boats. The stream of migration which commenced this morning, continued all day long. At 8 A.M. the cars carry away their unwontedly large freight of human life. Throughout the day private conveyances are moving in every direction, and dray-loads of trunks and baggage. In the afternoon the Baltimore boat bears away its scores perhaps hundreds. It is estimated that two or three thousand inhabitants have already gone. The day is bright, beautiful, and cool. In the course of the day Mr. A. G. died. A tragic tale has been the history of his family, for the past two weeks. His household consisted of himself and wife, his young son, and a married daughter with her husband, Mr. and Mrs. G. The latter had an infant only a fortnight old. They resided on Henry street, Gosport. The yellow fever broke out in Mrs. G——'s family

about the 20th. His son, and daughter, and son-in-law were taken sick. His sister, Mrs. J. D., of Southampton county, was residing with them. A cousin also, Mrs. J., came over from Portsmouth, on hearing of the indisposition of the family, to stay and minister among them. About Monday, the 23d, Mrs. G——'s son died. By Thursday, the 26th, Mr. and Mrs. G. were added to the victims. At this stage, Mrs. D. fled, alarmed, by the cars, to her residence in the country, and a few days after was seized with yellow fever; she was abandoned by every attendant and left to die alone. No one could be induced to enshroud her remains, or to put them into a coffin for decent interment. At length the corpse was hastily wrapped up in a blanket by the physician's servants and thus interred. Mrs. J., who had gone unsuspecting into danger, petitioned to be received again amongst the friends she had left; but it was not deemed prudent to permit her to return. On Saturday morning, July 28, the family, now reduced to three persons, were conveyed to the farm house, tendered to their occupancy by Mr. H., where on Monday morning, 30th, Mrs. J. died. Mr. G. continued to linger in a dying condition, until to-day. This evening he died. But for the ceaseless, self-sacrificing and heroic attention of their kinsman, Mr. Holliday, who has been with them the chief part of each day and night, their sufferings would have been more deplorable than they were; for it was impossible to procure, for money or any other consideration, the requisite nursing and attendance. [Mrs. G., the last of the seven victims out of one house, was removed after her husband's death, on Saturday, to the hospital, where she expired on Monday, August 6. I saw her at the hospital on Saturday, but she was too ill to notice any one.]

Saturday, August 4.—Yesterday afternoon I called to take leave of Mrs. P., when Miss B. mentioned to me Mrs. C——'s in-

disposition, and spoke of the suffering she experienced in her head. I made some allusion to the singular effects produced upon the system by the homœopathic treatment. It seems that on Tuesday night, about 9 o'clock, (only three hours after my call,) Mrs. C., who had been sitting in the damp air for a considerable time, remarked that she felt a chilly sensation, and withdrew to substitute for her dress a thicker one. In the act of doing so, she had a decided chill, and immediately went to bed and sent for her physician. She continued indisposed, as she and the inmates of the house all thought, but slightly, until Friday night. Last night at half-past ten, after I had undressed and as I was about to extinguish my light, a step was heard at my door. It was Mr. K., announcing to me that Mrs. C. was very ill of yellow fever, and there was no hope of her recovery. I found her very calm—perfectly resigned to the will of God—placing her trust in the merits of her Saviour; she was suffering, occasionally vomiting. I prayed with her, and then returned home. About half-past one, I was again roused up to go and see her. She was probably aware of the nature of her disease, and had already intimated the day before to Miss B., that she had a presentiment of death. At this second visit she was constantly vomiting dark blood; but she was still calm, and expressed the hope that she would soon be with Christ in glory. I reminded her of the promise: "Leave with me thy fatherless children." The servants who constantly attended her, bear witness to the lovely and uniform submission to the Lord's will which characterized her every utterance. She seemed fearful of even entertaining a thought other than "the will of the Lord be done." About an hour before her departure she remarked, whilst turning herself over in the bed: "I think I shall die now, in a short time;" and then immediately added, "But it is wrong for me to say so—I ought not to say so; when the Lord pleases, is the right time: I desire only that the Lord's holy will be done."

She desired her pious servant, Richard, to pray with and for her. At her instance, a lady was sent for who had indulged a groundless and wicked resentment towards her, and when she came, assured her that for herself she entertained no ill-feeling whatever, desired that if she had ever given occasion of offense to her, she would forgive it; and then she proceeded in the sweetest, most persuasive tone, to exhort her to be converted and become a happy Christian, and thus be in readiness for the final summons, come when and how it might. Similiar language she used to other family connections who called to see her. She lingered through Saturday, and expired on Sunday morning about three —just a year and twelve hours after her husband, a coïncidence to which she herself adverted. Her interment took place at 2 P.M. on Sunday. The burial service was pronounced by me, at the grave, Mr. J. C., G. H., and one or two others being present. By sun-rise this morning the dépôt wharf was again crowded by an anxious multitude, several hundred in number, seeking safety in flight; and from that hour onward throughout the day, has there been a continued stream of egress from every possible or conceivable avenue. The tidings of Mrs. C——'s illness this morning spread perfect consternation far and wide, and determined hundreds who had not even entertained a serious purpose of the kind, upon leaving the town before set of sun. Throughout the day, new cases of the fever are reported on every street. Such a day of mortal panic and flight as to-day has been, I desire never to see again.—*Sunset.*—The town would seem to be by this time nearly deserted. Whole streets, of the best located and built in town, are left without a white occupant, (Isai. 5 : 9:) "Of a truth, many houses are desolate, even great and fair, without inhabitant." As a friend observed to-day: "Houses and lots, and lands, are of no account now." What a comment are the incidents of to-day upon these

words in Job: "All that a man hath will he give for his life;" upon these words of our Saviour, "The life is more than meat, and the body than raiment." Oh! that amidst this fearful crisis, I could have witnessed some evidence of heed to this admonition of our Lord: "Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all things shall be added thereto." There is a literal fulfillment in our midst, from house to house, of that fearful judgment denounced upon the disobedient Israelites of old: "The Lord hath given us a trembling heart, and failing of eyes, and sorrow of mind; and our lives hang in doubt before us; and we fear, day and night, and have none assurance of our lives. In the morning we say, Would God it were evening! and at evening we say, Would God it were morning; for the fear of our heart wherewith we fear, and for the sight of our eyes which we see." The Suffolk proclamation is received, interdicting either public entertainment or private hospitality to any citizens of Portsmouth, and threatening a penalty of $100 to any one who should dare come.

Sunday, August 5.—What a Sabbath stillness pervaded sea and land, streets and by-ways, as the sun rose upon the place. But in an hour or two, the car-bell was the signal of a new stampede of multitudes. Had but one service to-day, and scarce a dozen in attendance. Reports of the deaths of some, and the extreme illness of others, who had been sick only a day or two. Saw the S——s at the hospital. She is perfectly unconscious; has not been heard to speak since Saturday morning; has had the black vomit most violently; great apparent suffering; every breath accompanied by a groan, which I could hear at some distance. She expired about three hours after I saw her. He is quite calm, but his case is doubtful. Addressed him a few words of advice, begging him to pray. Saw him frequently afterwards.

Monday, August 6.—The day dawns in clouds and gloom.

Very cool, as last week, with repeated showers. The condition of the atmosphere is believed to favor the rapid dissemination of the disease. New cases reported hourly. Mr. S., the cabinet-maker and undertaker, finding it utterly impossible to meet the demand for coffins, when some ten or twelve are required daily, has been obliged, this morning, to make application to the commander of the Navy-Yard for aid. He received fifty-two coffins, four of which were in immediate requisition. It is observed that the streets through which the "*sick cart*" holds its dreary way, to and fro, are now specially smitten by the fever. John P. died this morning. Others of his father's family are quite sick of the fever. This young man entertained a high regard for old Mr. H., who lived next door, and whose death took place last Wednesday. He staid almost constantly with Mr. H., attending and nursing him day and night. He continued his visits and attentions even after the appearance of black vomit convinced him of Mr. H——'s disease. In a day or two he was taken, and yesterday and last night the hearts of his friends were gladdened by the evidences of convalescence—a fine night's rest, all tranquil and promising; and then of a sudden, towards morning, a little uneasiness supervened, and then, in a few minutes, the appearance of the dreaded black vomit conveyed the astounding announcement that all was over. And my own observation is, that generally, yellow-fever patients in the collapsed stage look comparatively well, only a little languid, even when all hope has been surrendered, and they are within a few hours of dissolution. It is announced, to-day, that the last regular trip will be made to-day by the Weldon train. In future the train will stop at Suffolk as its terminus, and may send on a small car with the daily mail to this place. The Baltimore boat will enter the harbor to-morrow morning for the last time. Every person leaving Portsmouth by public conveyance in any direction, for the future, must present a written pass or per-

mit, certifying that he is in good health, and signed by the President of the Sanitary Committee. No bundle is allowed to passengers, only a trunk, and even when the condition imposed by these restrictions are strictly complied with, they find it difficult to escape.

This evening we all remove out to the Poor House; a vast relief; for the heart, almost sick with the dire incidents of daily town life, is ready to sigh:

"Oh! for a lodge in some vast wilderness."

Tuesday, August 7— *Wednesday*, 8—*Thursday*, 9.—I remark the adherence to truth and nature with which *famine* is coupled, in the deprecations of the Litany, with plague and pestilence, as an attendant calamity. Great fears are entertained lest there may be actual suffering, from failure of the necessaries of life, between the present time and the reöpening of the now-closed stores, which can not take place under two months hence. Throughout the earlier part of this week, not a quart of meal was to be obtained in town. Since then Mr. M. has obtained some forty bushels by a roundabout course, from Suffolk. His store, the only grocery except B——'s now daily open on High street, opens about 9 A. M. and closes at 4 P. M., (the hours observed on the Pontine Marshes.) The only other stores open throughout our main business street are the dispensaries, whose doors are beset by an anxious throng in quest of medicines; and the undertaker's, when those who have time and inclination call in order to know the number of deaths reported, coffins ordered, and interments in progress. There are no sounds, either of mirth or of business, in the main avenues; no groups of grave men on the pavement; no bands of frolicsome children in the highways or byways; no social gatherings; no hearty salutations and accostings when men meet, for every one seems to be dubious about his approaching neighbor; no bridals; no

baptisms; not even "dirges dire and sad funereal array," at the constantly-occurring burials. The ominous "sick wagon," with its tall white canopy, dashes up and down the empty streets; and the black hearse, bearing its coffined burden, (or burdens, for sometimes there are more than one carried out at a time,) rattles by one with an indecent and revolting haste, not one emblem of sorrow, or accompaniment of human sympathy, relieving its sinister effect. On Wednesday, August 8, there were eleven burials —not funerals—for in these woful days man receives an interment but little better than the burial of a dog. The daily average of deaths, from the beginning of this month, is about eight. When the deaths occur in the daytime, the interments take place between one and three hours after dissolution. Amongst the distressful accompaniments of our calamity is the almost callous indifference manifested by the bereaved after the first day or two. Those who have lost their dearest friends within a week past, are in several instances observed to be walking about, and conversing and smiling as if nothing had happened. Much of this lack of sensibility, however, is assumed through "dire necessity;" some of the afflicted, anxious to effect their escape from the place, actually assumed the air of cheerfulness, and put away mourning habiliments, as travellers, lest some keenly scrutinizing glance might read their recent history, and divine the place and occasion of their departure, and the sad tale of their present circumstances; some ominous wink or finger-end might seem to say: "That person was also one of them—his troubled appearance and faltering speech bewrayeth him." And thus the wo-worn fugitives forfeit every rite of public entertainment or private hospitality. On Tuesday 7, visited Mrs. Y. Her daughter is the Mrs. F. who moved from Gosport to King street, near the market, about two weeks ago, to escape disease, and was immediately seized with the pestilence, and is supposed to have infected that district.

Last Saturday they again moved from King street to Washington street, where I found them. Mrs. Y. is past recovery, having the black vomit. But she is conscious, although so deaf in consequence of the influence of quinine, that I am obliged, in conversation and in prayer, to raise my voice to the loudest tones. Repeated my call on Wednesday, and on Thursday at 6½ P. M., when one of those scenes of unmitigated distress presented itself, such as can only take place during the reign of pestilence. Mrs. Y. had just died in agony indescribable, and her daughter was alone in the house (save a little girl about ten years of age) to close her parent's eyes, and to render the last offices to her corpse in preparation for the burial. She, Mrs. F., was sitting, holding in her arms her only child, three years old—yesterday, well; now, in a dying condition. The floor around was covered with black vomit, which the child had just thrown up. Its little dress was likewise smeared with vomit and blood from the nostrils. Meantime the sad tidings had just reached Mrs. F. that her husband at the hospital was in a most unpromising condition. Thus, in one short hour, the relations of mother, wife, and daughter, which she had previously sustained, amid circumstances of unruffled happiness, were dissolving before her eyes. And she who, as she then observed, had never before known a trouble or affliction, was about to be left alone and desolate in the world. What a night of horror was before her. Alone with her mother's corpse and her dying child, and every watch of the night ringing as it were the knell of her dying husband. Ah! it was a difficult work to apply the consolations of our holy religion to one overtaken by such a storm of calamities. The actual history of the past eight or ten days, and the present condition of our afflicted town, have realized more than the apprehensions which the most timid or despondent could have ventured to forecast. It is awful! Not only is all communication by public lines, either by land or by

water, utterly cut off, or so fettered and obstructed as to amount to nearly the same thing, but all approach of any one from Portsmouth to any settlement or village in the vicinity is absolutely interdicted. At Old Point, fugitives from our town are met by the point of the bayonet. And I very much fear many will be the cases of suffering of our poor inhabitants, fleeing from their homes for their own lives and the lives of their families, and refused a reception in the places whither they flee. Already have several such fugitives died, and died without one of the few solaces they would have enjoyed in sickness in their own plague-smitten town. The instance has been reported to me of a Mrs. —— who, with her mother, fled to the premises of a near relation some seven or eight miles from town; was there seized with yellow fever; was forsaken by every friend and neighbor; in her extremity desired to have Christian ministration or at least to hear hymns sung, but asked in vain, and at last sung herself till her utterance and breath failed. It was with the utmost difficulty that a rude cart could be procured to carry her body to the burial. And it was drawn by a steer. At Hampton the privilege of interment in the church-yard was denied in the case of a young lady, an only child, from Portsmouth, who had sickened and died a mile from Hampton. All her family connection for generations were interred in the church-yard. Her father, the same day returning to Portsmouth, was not permitted to pass through Hampton, on his way to the steamboat which stopped there for passengers.

Further daily entries in this form are not found, but the history of the progress of the epidemic will appear fully in the letters written almost every day, which will be given in the following chapters.

CHAPTER XI.

The Pestilence—Letters to Various Persons during the subsequent Days of his Life—To his Son William, the Author, and Others.

To his Little Son.

"My Dear Little Willy: It is nearly time for your papa to be expecting a letter from you through the post-office. I think of you constantly. Here I am, sitting in my study-chair, the sun as hot as fire. The only cool-looking thing that I see is your little arbor, which is just in front of my open door. It is grown so thick now that you could hardly creep in underneath it. And your marigolds are blooming beautifully by the side of it. I would be happy to see you here by my side, doing your little work at writing or reading; or else in the garden watching your arbor; but I know that you are much happier where you are, under the fine, large, shady locust-trees of your uncle's lawn, and frisking and sporting about with your dear, kind little cousins. Now don't forget to be *always* a good, gentle, sweet little boy. Sometimes you do forget at home, and whenever you do it makes your papa sorry. But it would indeed distress your papa if you should not behave well in every particular while you are at Aunt S——'s. Be, or try to be a Christian little boy, in all your ways, in all your words. Be attentive, and don't grow tired whilst Aunt I. is reading to you, or hearing you read. Mind every word your Aunt M. says to you, and don't be in too great a hurry to eat

when you hear of food. I love to see little boys attentive to others, and not thinking only what *they* shall eat; but looking round to see if others are helped, and trying to make others comfortable. Remember it is a *greedy* boy that is anxious to stuff his own mouth, and does not care for others. Tell dear little Johnny that papa missed him this morning in the bed. He had nobody to speak to when he woke up in the morning. Even the musquitoes seem to have gone away. There was not one in my chamber last night. Now, my dear child, good by.

"Your loving father, J. C."

To Miss Mary Page, in Cumberland County, Va.

"PORTSMOUTH, *Monday Morning, Aug.* 6, 1855.

"MY DEAR MARY: * * And now I have one request to make of you. Do not deny it me. It is that you will maintain *the utmost* cheerfulness and *composure* for Sally's and her family's sake. Do not add to her burdens of care and anxiety by the manifestation of despondency or undue solicitude about the absent. I know you will not. Our heavenly Father has thus far mercifully preserved me from all harm, and His protecting power is as remarkably manifested here as in any other place. I never have so realized the truth, 'His mercies are new every morning.' Oh! that we might always and everywhere be impressed *from hour to hour* that in Him we live, and move, and have our being, and that our *daily* preservation is a *daily miracle* of His power and benevolence towards us. * * To-day (Wednesday) was publicly observed as a day of humiliation and prayer. The Christian community, generally, assembled together in one church, (the Methodist,) and we had a profitable time. Kiss my dear children for me. Tell them to be good boys. Tell Johnny

his papa says he must try to show himself a good boy by trying to take the medicine well."

To his Sister-in-Law.

"NORFOLK COUNTY, NEAR PORTSMOUTH, *Aug.* 10, 1855.

"MY DEAR J.: By the goodness of our Heavenly Father we are all permitted to reässemble around the household altar, hearth, and board, another morning, loaded with benefits. It is of the Lord's mercies we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not. They are new every morning. Great is Thy faithfulness. * * * * * *

"It is well, perhaps, that you should understand that no part of the town has enjoyed exemption from the visitations of the fell scourge, except North street and the north end of Court street. The community began to open their eyes to this unwelcome discovery, on Thursday and Friday of last week, the 2d and 3d instant. They then, most discreetly and wisely, as it now appears, seemed to come simultaneously to the conclusion that the only guarantee of safety was flight. Accordingly the exodus, which had already commenced, became from sunrise on Friday, the most perfect *stampede* you ever heard of. People who one hour solemnly protested that they had no apprehension of the disease and no intention of courting safety by flight, were seen in the next hour fleeing as for their lives, with a few hastily-collected articles, going, they knew not whither. Steamboats were crammed to their utmost capacity with freights of human life and human baggage. Passenger-cars on the railroad were redoubled in number, and almost stuffed to bursting, and every individual or family thus going were obliged to provide themselves with a certificate of health from the chairman of the

Sanitary Committee. The climax of this migration was probably on Saturday, a day which I am confident I could never forget as long as I retain the remembrance of any thing; and this was all well and wise, better both for those that went and those that staid, for this epidemic is nursed into vitality by close and crowded aggregations of human beings. One or two cases occurring in one house make that house and its precincts *an infected district*—a centre of malign influences for the whole vicinage. The clearing of a street or square of course leaves the disease no point on which to alight, no material on which to feed. Almost every street in the chief and most central part of the town is thus vacated. * * * The only grocery store open on High street is U. M——'s, and his hours are from 9 A.M. to 4 P.M. Perhaps B——'s is also open. Other stores of every description, except dispensaries, are closed. Actually, one danger to be apprehended in the work of *pestilence* is *famine*. Several of the more provident families who have remained, as Mr. H——'s, for example, and Mr. I., have laid in an ample store of provisions. There is no more ready handmaid to the disease than hunger. It is said to be exceedingly important as a preventive that the stomach be well filled, and, I need not add, that whoever are in Mrs. H——'s hands are fed up to the very capacity of their systems. * * * * * * We, the inmates of W., enjoy thus far uninterrupted health. It is God's bestowment from day to day. We feel it to be so as we never before have realized. It is blessed to feel gratefully that

> 'New every morning is the love
> Our wakening and uprising prove!
> Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
> *Restored to life*, and power, and thought.'

Oh! why do we not always and everywhere feel that the continuance of life and its blessings is one continuous miracle of a wisdom, love, and power no less than infinite?

"You doubtless recollect that to-day is, in my own personal calendar, an anniversary of most touching interest. Each scene and incident of that bright festal day which united my destinies and hers whom now we deplore, in that hallowed tender bond which I fondly dreamed that only a far, remote old age would sunder—each scene passes before my sad spirit, as its appropriate hour is struck. The very glow of the clear, cloudless summer sky is the same; the gentle, grateful breeze is the same; and the rural quiet of this sequestered spot, hemmed in by woods and gardens, heightens the illusion. 'But the Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord!' What! shall I receive good at the hand of the Lord and shall I not receive evil? It is only when 'need be' that we are in heaviness through tribulation.

"With regard to *returning* hither. I may as well tell you, if you have not already surmised as much, that no white man, woman, or child can return to Portsmouth until after several severe frosts have occurred, under *peril of death*."

"PORTSMOUTH, *Monday, August* 13, 1855.

"MY BELOVED SISTER: * * * I can scarcely describe to you my emotions of solicitude about my poor sick child, and of gratitude to you for your tender assiduity and devotion to his care. The Lord recompense you abundantly for it! I can plainly perceive, by the tenor of all the letters thus far received, that so far from improving, his health is retrograding. You can imagine the conflict in my mind. There are (or will be after this) but two Protestant ministers here to administer such consolation, and to speak such words in season to the suffering or the afflicted as emergency may require. And even if I felt at liberty to leave my post just at this juncture, I very much question

whether I should be as safe as in remaining. Some of our unfortunate Portsmouth people who have fled, have been seized with the fever elsewhere, and of course, without a chance of escape from death, for the proper treatment of the disease is not understood away from the sea-board. On the other hand, whoever is taken sick here is removed without loss of time to the spacious and airy *hospital*, and there are instantly put under the energetic management of the government physicians, who are familiar with their work from long and varied practice in this department. We all continue in perfect health. I repeat, that I never had a finer appetite in my life. * * * * Yesterday, I had service in the morning in our church, two or three persons only being present. In the afternoon, by special request, I officiated in the N. S. Presbyterian Church, in Middle street, Mr. H. having been sick and not yet strong enough to resume his duties. Mr. T. will be obliged to withdraw to the upper country early this week, on account of the hopelessly feeble state of Mrs. T——'s health. Mr. W., Mr. B., and Mr. W., left last week. Mr. H., I believe, stays in the country, about four miles from town; so that Mr. E., the chaplain, and myself, constitute at present the only available force."

The next letter is beautifully written, in *printed characters*—large and black—upon a sheet of note-paper:

"PORTSMOUTH, *Tuesday, August* 14, 1855.

"'WILLIE:' My dear little fellow, what would I not give for a chance to see you and your poor little sick brother; but I feel it is my duty to stay here as long as the sickness continues, if possible. It is pleasant to have an opportunity of saying something to comfort the poor suffering families. One family that I

was called to see was in a sad case. The lady, Mrs. F., had just recovered from yellow fever, enough to admit of her being moved, and this was the second removal of the family within a week. Her *husband* was taken sick, and carried away in the sick-cart to the hospital. The same day her husband was taken, her *mother* was taken sick, but did not go to the hospital. And she sent by Dr. M., to ask me to come and say something to comfort her and prepare her to die. I used to go every day to see her, and talk to her about Jesus. The third day, when I opened the door, there was great crying, for the old lady had just died, and her daughter, Mrs. F., was left alone to close her eyes and prepare her body for burying. Just before her mother died, her little child, three years old, was taken very sick, and the black vomit began to come out of its mouth, and blood out of its nostrils. Just then poor Mrs. F. received news from the hospital that her husband was probably dying. Oh! it was enough to melt one's heart to see that poor woman. Night was coming on, and she would have to spend the hours of darkness all alone, with her dear mother's corpse and her only, dying child. Nobody offers to stay in houses where there is any body sick of yellow fever, particularly at night; for they say that night, between *sunset* and *sunrise*, is the time when people take the sickness. And at the hospital there is the greatest number of little boys and girls, and babies, whose fathers and mothers are sick, or perhaps have died, leaving no money to pay for taking care of them, and no kind friends to carry them away and treat them like their own children. Don't you pity these poor little orphan children, that have no friend even to give them a piece of bread? And don't you thank our Heavenly Father that he is so kind to you and Johnny?

"My dear little boy, love God with all your might, for Jesus Christ's sake, and try to grow wiser and better every day. Tell

Johnny that papa is going to come up and see him and all the people, and 'Hatton' is coming with him, as soon as we can.

"Your affectionate father."

The next of his letters is addressed to the writer, in answer to one which was addressed to him, as soon as his friend knew that he was at his post and there resolved to stand:

"PORTSMOUTH, *August* 16, 1855.

"MY BELOVED FRIEND AND BROTHER: Like a trumpet-blast does your letter stir and nerve my spirit! Yes; I am here, 'a debtor to mercy alone.' Miserably unprofitable as I feel myself to be as an ambassador for God, at this solemn season of the lighting down of His arm, my purpose to abide by my post as long as Pestilence holds its dread sway amongst us, has not once faltered. And I am able to testify to the praise of the Father of Mercies, that even in this atmosphere of death, my health is thus far perfect. Not an ache, or a pain, or a sensation of languor, or the least diminution of appetite, have I experienced. Oh! if my heart is not specially and lastingly impressed by this chapter of the 'goodness and severity of God,' which has been opened to my contemplation for the past month, I shall have reason to tremble at its insensibility.

"By far the larger part of my own, as well as of all the other congregations of this town, sought safety in flight *immediately* on perceiving that the pestilence, from being the infection of a filthy suburb mainly crowded with foreigners, had become an epidemic sparing neither locality, nor station, nor wealth, nor worth. The exodus by flight and in a state of mortal trepidation, of some seven or eight thousand persons, in the brief compass of two or three days, is a spectacle to leave its deep imprint

and its singular mental associations upon the heart, until every memory of the past is obliterated.

"I have lost but *two* members of my congregation; two at opposite ends of the social scale; but praised be Sovereign grace, as I believe, both '*one in Christ Jesus.*'

"The one was a female in the obscure walks of life, living within the infected district of Gosport. I called upon this family to ascertain that it was 'well with them'—if not in *body* and *estate*, at least in *spirit*—one day when the house in the same street, immediately opposite, contained three dying victims of the fell scourge; and except this where my parishioner lived, there was not a house in which there was not one dying or dead. I found my parishioner, her husband, and only child, well and cheerful. She was manifestly placing her trust, in that hour of fearful suspense, in her covenant God. In two or three days they were all simultaneously taken with the fever, and carried to the hospital. On going thither to see them, I found her speechless, sightless, and unconscious, in the terrific conflict with death, which terminated in an hour or two. Her husband, unprepared to die, has been spared, I trust, to make his preparation.

"The other communicant was a widow lady in easy circumstances, whose fine native impulses and qualities were exalted and refined by grace; and who was in activity, benevolence, and moral influence, a mother in Israel; and whose residence far remote from the original seat of disease, seemed to guarantee to her exemption from any ground of apprehension. 'In the midst of life' she was found in the article of death. But oh! the blessed serenity with which she proclaimed to us, that 'Christ, in her, was the hope of glory.'

"It has been my sad privilege to see other victims of this pestilence, and to present to them the promises and assurances of the everlasting Gospel in their trying hour.

"My family are in Cumberland, at my brother-in-law's, whither they went before the commencement of the reign of alarm here. My poor little boy Johnny is, and has been for six months, in a condition of general debility and ill-health, which excites great uneasiness in my mind. It has been intimated to me that I may never again see him. I need not say that my mind is at times a scene of conflict. I try to lay my solicitude at the feet of Him who careth for us! The latest accounts of him are more encouraging. Will you not write again, and soon, my dear brother? If you knew what a cordial to my spirit, what a stimulant, your epistle has been, I am sure you would. My *best love* to Mrs. C.

"Yours, J. C."

"PORTSMOUTH, *Friday, August* 17, 1855.

"MY DEAR M—— AND J——, (his sisters-in-law in Cumberland:) Many thanks to you for your daily bulletins in regard to Johnny's condition—for the relief they administer to my mind. * * I need not enlarge upon the present state of disease. I have prepared a journal of my daily observation and impressions for the fortnight following the day of your departure from Portsmouth, and my first impulse was to send it; but it occurs to me that you have heard enough of our woes, for the present at least; I may offer it to your perusal at some future time. Mrs. H. and her children must have a charmed life. They are, and have been for a fortnight, the sole inhabitants in the square which was so fatally desolated at that time that every one fled thence; and she and her children have only had one or two slight and transient attacks of indisposition. We all tried to prevail on her to go with her family to the hospital, and the vehicle was actually in waiting at her door for two hours, but she positively refused to go. There must be much suffering among indigent white fami-

lies, but perhaps more among the free blacks, and some servants who have been left, by their owners or those families to whom they were hired, without any provision for their sustenance when well or comfort when sick. This morning I went to see Mrs. G., who lost her eldest son by the fever yesterday. I found her sitting in the midst of the apartment, surrounded by her prostrate and clinging children, her commanding figure in an attitude of forlorn grief, with upturned, streaming eyes, and clasped hands, that would have rivalled the poet's and artist's conception of Niobe. Poor, unhappy woman! I tried, but I fear unsuccessfully, to soothe her mental agitation; for she expressed the dreadful conviction that her son, though a faithful and dutiful child to her, had never entertained a thought of God or of eternity, and thus had been 'gathered with sinners;' and she was inconsolable at the thought of her own unfaithfulness to his spiritual welfare. She wished to know of me, if I thought there was any scriptural warrant for her interceding for the peace of his soul! I trust God will give her penitence, and the peace of believing, which she seems to desire. Yours, JAMES."

"PORTSMOUTH, *August* 22, 1855.

"THE state of things in town is gloomy in the extreme. Yesterday there were seventeen funerals, and to-day it seems likely that there will be as many again. There are scenes in every street, I might almost say in every inhabited house, which it would make your heart ache to behold, or even to hear. Yesterday afternoon I observed that one or two persons were gathered, apparently in curiosity, around the door of the small house, directly at the corner of G—— and M—— streets. I went thither, and saw within, two gentlemen who had been drawn in, as I was,

by desire to know what was the matter, Mr. H. and Mr. B. On a pallet on the floor was a young man, not more than 21, just breathing his last, his blood-shot eyes fixed, and himself insensible; the bedding and floor covered with the fearful black vomit, and over him his widowed mother, with an expression at once of indescribable affection for this dying youth, and at the same time so woe-begone and imploring, as if she hoped that even yet we might have it in our power to avert in some way the terrible calamity. It melted our hearts. We all could do nothing but weep with her. He was the only survivor of eight children. And he was every thing to her—not only her support but her companion; one of the most devoted and affectionate boys that ever lived. It seemed to be his life's great purpose and pleasure to make her happy. As I left the house he breathed his last. Having left my umbrella behind, I returned in a few minutes, and there was the poor mother, bewildered with grief, vainly endeavoring to draw hose on the feet of her son, and to shroud him. She could get no human being, white or black, to assist her in this last sad duty. Mr. G. H. subsequently came in, and in that true spirit of heroism, utterly heedless of all consequences, which has characterized him throughout this season, he shrouded the poor young man himself. All alone as this mother and son were, and preöccupied as every one is with their own troubles, no one knew that he was ill till a short time before his death."

To his Sister-in-Law.

"*Thursday*, 2 P.M.

"My Dear J.: I have just returned from going my daily rounds amongst the sick—a melancholy errand, and not without

its satisfactions. In some instances, at least, the soul is gladdened by the manifestation of a power of faith which meets the King of Terrors in his own dark domain, bids him defiance, and more than conquers him, through *Him who loved us*. Another heart-cheering letter from my friend C. Oh! how much solace it affords me, day after day, to hear from Johnny; to read every treasured-up word of his; to be permitted to watch, as it were, in sympathy, though not in presence, beside his sick couch. Can I tell you all what I feel toward you for the devoted, self-sacrificing part you are taking in daily and nightly nursing him? The Lord recompense you all, is the wish and prayer of

"Your attached brother,

"J. CHISHOLM."

This last letter was written on a sheet containing a longer and detailed report from Mr. Chisholm's friend, host, and parishioner, E. A. Hatton, who wrote almost daily to the anxious family in Cumberland county.

To the Author.

"PORTSMOUTH, *August* 25, 1855.

"MY BELOVED FRIEND: Again I am able to report myself, in rejoinder to your last most acceptable letter, as a pensioner upon the bounties of an indulgent and forbearing Creator. The week now drawing to a close has surpassed, in features of woful interest, either preceding week. On Tuesday there were seventeen interments; on Wednesday, nineteen; yesterday, twenty-one. Occasionally a day occurs in which the destroying angel seems to be passing, and suspending his terrible work. Since sunset

of yesterday, I suppose some fifteen must have been buried. Often has the faithful wife, after days and nights of incredible endurance and exertion, been obliged to lave and shroud, unassisted, the corpse of her husband; the daughter or son, a parent; the father or mother, a beloved child; the husband, his wife. And not only this, but the very nearest of kin are called on by the emergency of the case to deposit the loved and deplored one's mortal remains in the coffin, and perhaps to assist to bear it forth, over the threshold of home, to the hearse. By these and similar occurrences the sensibilities of the most tender-hearted are in a measure blunted; and we learn to take our part, with calm apathy, in scenes, the *report* of which, in other times, would have 'harrowed up our souls.' But even amid all these appalling incidents—incidents which seem almost involuntarily to force the cry, 'Hath the Lord forgotten to be gracious? and are His mercies clean gone for ever?' God mercifully vouchsafes glorious manifestations of His presence amongst us, as a faithful Creator and most merciful Saviour. Amid the involuntary groans of vanquished nature in the sufferer, and the wails of heart-stricken friends around, the calm, holy response of triumphant Faith is oft-times heard, proclaiming that the last foe has been conquered, and more than conquered, through Him who loved us, and that already 'Heaven lifts its everlasting portals high.' What was my gratification to meet yesterday, in my daily visit to the hospital, my old friend R. H. He has been ordered hither for the present. He looks in good condition, and we had a most pleasant chat. In hope of being able to resume this correspondence at an early date, and desiring you to continue to write to me whenever you have a period of leisure, I remain devotedly yours,

"J. Chisholm."

CHAPTER XII.

The Pestilence—Letter to Mrs. Holliday—His Brothers, Sisters, and Others.

To exhibit the full detail of all the labors and services rendered to all around by this devoted man would require that we should present scores of letters lying around us. His very correspondence from the latter part of July up to the day of his seizure by the disease, on the 7th of September, must have averaged some six or eight letters per diem. He was thoughtful of others besides those of his own household. For evidence of this see the annexed letter:

"PORTSMOUTH, *Monday, Aug.* 20.

"MY DEAR MRS. HOLLIDAY: Gustavus desires me to drop a line informing you of the causes of his failure to visit you as he had proposed to-day. *He is perfectly well.*

The case is this: He spent last night with B. C., who is doing well, and this morning on his return from the hospital, he discovered, calling at 'Waverley,' that Dr. Maupin had been taken sick. He at once determined that it would be impracticable for him to leave town to-day.

"He has just breakfasted with us at Mrs. Hatton's table. I repeat that he is in perfect health, and moreover he begs you to be assured that in the event (an event of which there is no present likelihood) of his being taken sick, *you shall be apprised of the fact forthwith.* With fervent wishes for your happiness, both temporal and spiritual, and with much esteem, I remain yours,

"JAMES CHISHOLM."

In departing from our plan of giving the initials of the names used by Mr. C. in private letters never intended to be seen by the public eye, in this present instance, we know that we shall be pardoned by every one who lived through the pestilence in Portsmouth, unless it be by the brave young gentleman whose mother is here written to, to alleviate her apprehensions about the absence of her son. The author has not the honor of his acquaintance, and can not be suspected of any partiality, when he alludes especially to this unmarried young barrister, who had no other tie to bind him to Portsmouth, to the sick-bed, the hospital wards, the dying scenes, the offices towards the dead of the most repulsive nature, than a pure, disinterested humanity. If there be any one who will not subscribe to the sufficiency of this reason for this apparent impropriety in introducing his name, *besides himself*, let that person peruse the fol-

lowing extract of a letter from Mr. C. to his brother, in Saco, Maine, dated fifteen days afterwards:

"PORTSMOUTH, *Wednesday, Sept.* 5, 1855.

"* * * The few citizens who remain on their feet to constitute the administrative council of the town are at their wits' end Noble men! Their number has been sadly decimated. Several of the best have fallen; but God still mercifully preserves some, and they are men who merit more than the hero's amaranth. First and foremost among them from the very first, from the 20th of July onward, has been and is your friend Gustavus Holliday. You would scarcely credit what that *more* than hero has done, has suffered, has endured, has sacrificed."

If my reference to this gentleman should be thought invidious, when there are so many others whose names will live in the annals of this dark day as well as in many hearts, I plead my apology in this *voice from the dead:*

To George W. Grice, absent at the Springs.

"PORTSMOUTH, *Tuesday, Aug.* 28, 1855.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: Your letter is received by me this evening, and its kind sentiments have both cheered and deeply affected me. I can sincerely say that to none of my absent friends have my thoughts more frequently recurred than to yourself and 'M.,' and I had more than once resolved to ascertain your whereabouts, and to hold a chat with you on paper. How soul-subduing and yet soothing and elevating, the contemplation of that glorious temple not made with hands, with whose infinite diversity

of sublimities and beauties your senses are daily feasted. Nature's grand and hallowed fane engages and procures to the devout beholder a continual Sabbath. The glorious harmonies of that handiwork, unmarred by the touch of human art, constitute a real presence of the Infinite Architect; and the full choir and antiphon of the interminable forest constitute the gushing melodies of Nature's ceaseless hymn. For the moment, when the mind suddenly turns with the quickness of thought from those exquisite pictures of beauty and of hallowed repose, to the awful desolations of a city smitten by plague, where a malign agency seems to have disjointed the very frame-work of society, and to have defeated every providential arrangement indicative of the wisdom and benevolence of God, it is prone involuntarily to exclaim: 'Are *these* His doings?' Yet it is even so. God's attributes, not only of infinite holiness and power, but likewise of wisdom and boundless benevolence, are no less manifested in the woful history of each dreary day here than beneath the silent and lovely shadows of those perpetual hills. The havoc wrought by sorrow and anguish, disease and death, are the sad entail of human transgression against (not the natural or physical, but) the *moral* and spiritual law of our Creator. But oh! unspeakable benevolence in Him to overrule all these dreadful consequences of sin to the furtherance of the everlasting bliss of all that *believe* through the redemption which is in *Christ Jesus*. In all our calamity *God is here* in our midst. We have seen, we have felt His merciful influence allaying the sufferings His hand unwillingly inflicts, almost neutralizing the death-agonies of the victim of pestilence, filling the sinking soul with inexpressible calmness, peace, and joy, opening wide heaven's everlasting portals to their weary vision, and opening their parched lips to utter as a final note of praise: Jesus is precious to me! O Death! where is thy sting? Thanks be to God who giveth me the victory through our Lord

Jesus Christ! Jesus can make a dying-bed feel soft as downy pillows are! The last victim of pestilence, a few hours since, was our heroic Dr. Trugien, worthy of more than a hero's laurels, and not less than a martyr's crown. His life was a sacrifice to his benevolent professional zeal. Day and night, like his noble compeers, the other members of our medical staff, Schoolfield and Maupin, he has breathed an atmosphere of pestilence, and been conversant with scenes too thrilling and harrowing to be contemplated. Only a few days ago, he remarked to me, that the scenes of wo, not merely from the effects of the disease, but from the suffering and want incident to the present unparalleled calamity, which in his daily rounds he was called to witness, would hardly be credited, and could not be witnessed with any degree of composure. Last Friday morning, whilst at the hospital, Dr. T. entered arm in arm with Dr. Schoolfield, to all appearance as well as usual. We engaged in a few minutes' conversation whilst standing in the passage, and he described to me in glowing and affecting terms the scene from which he had but a few hours before returned—the death-bed of Emma Boutwell. Turning to God on her bed of sickness, she found joy and peace in believing, and the Doctor was doubtless divinely vouchsafed this spectacle of glad triumph over death before being himself called to traverse the dark valley. But at that moment, scarce five days ago, who anticipated this result? He remarked to me further, that he felt slightly indisposed. He was fatigued, and had yielded to the solicitation of friends in seeking the quiet retreat of the hospital for a few days before returning again to active duty. On Sunday night the fever suddenly took an unfavorable tendency with him; symptoms of apoplexy, from the fatal effects of which it was not in the most accomplished medical skill to save him. The event has cast a deeper shade of gloom over every heart. But he was a child of God by faith in Jesus Christ. He was,

though young and in the midst of life, prepared to die! Death had no terrors for him whose child-like faith looked implicitly to Death's great *Vanquisher*. Oh! what contemporary of his will take his place in our community, as an active, zealous, consistent follower of the Redeemer? May I not indulge the hope—I will at least put up the earnest *prayer*—that it may be yourself, my dear and valued friend, upon whom the mantle of such Christian character as his may fall. The holy cause of religion can not spare, in this place, such an advocate, at such an *age*, for influence and active usefulness. God give *you* grace to resolve henceforth to be His and His alone! You have heard that some of our shining marks are stricken down. Captain George Chambers, Lewis W. Boutwell, who can fill their places? Nash Tatem, Patrick Williams, James Ed. Wilson, Wilson Williams, old Mr. Ashton, Mrs. Atkinson, Mrs. Potts, Mrs. Avery Williams, Mrs. Colin Campbell, and a host of other valued members of society are numbered with the silent *dead*. Our Mayor Fiske, after having seen his family successively brought to the verge of the grave, is now himself very sick. Schoolfield and Maupin are just creeping forth from the terrific paralysis with which this disease, even when not fatal, smites the frame. They will scarcely be able to resume their professional duties this summer. Mr. Eskridge and myself are the only resident ministers who can go about and visit the sick, the dying and the bereaved. Handy, Devlin, Hume, are convalescent of attacks of sickness. The other clergy are away. I have been able to keep open our little sanctuary without an interruption, our church being the only one in town open. The congregation is miscellaneous, and not very many at that. For several Sundays past, the solemn fact has been remarked, that some are at church for the last time. In perfect health, sitting before me on Sunday, before another Lord's day some one or more has gone into the dread silence of eternity. On

one day last week, I think I visited more than a dozen dying persons; but we hope that the plague is being in a measure staid. The number of new cases is fewer; many are yielding to treatment. On Saturday, twenty-six were buried, and in five days of last week the total was ninety-four. Of my own family I am constrained in sorrow to say that I fear I may never again look upon my precious little Johnny. I am not encouraged by the letters I receive to indulge such a hope. But 'It is the Lord; let Him do what seemeth Him good.' 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' Willie is well, and the dear little fellow does not forget the many evidences of your kind partiality for him.

"Your sincerely attached friend, "J. CHISHOLM."

To his Sister-in-law.

"PORTSMOUTH, *Friday Evening, August* 31, 1855.

"MY DEAR M——: The writing the above date reminds me that but a few hours longer remain of a month, which in memorable and terrible interest, surpasses any month I have ever lived through. It seems almost a year since the dull, dark, rainy morning of the first of August; a morning which brought to us the saddest and most alarming tidings in regard to the condition of the entire town, and which seemed to fix the purpose of a general flight. * * * My thoughts have been, when I have not been visiting the sick, devoted to my own dear suffering child. And shall I never see his sweet face, or hear his voice again? I went home to our house to-day, and every object, his toys, his little dresses and hats, the porch and its steps, down which he has so often run in glee to welcome my coming, the kitchen, the yard, Aunt Amy—every object brought its tribute of touching associations and recollections; I could almost hear his little footfall on the stairs.——If it might please God even

yet to spare him; but 'He hath done all things well,' 'His holy will be done!'

"Your brother, J. CHISHOLM."

"PORTSMOUTH, *Saturday, September* 1, 1855.

"MY BELOVED SISTER: Sometimes I suspect that amid the incessant excitement occasioned by the awful condition of our community, I have not realized the severity of the trial at my own door. I can not realize that my threshold may never again be crossed by one of those two dear little ones, whose existence constitutes my main earthly satisfaction and hope. Johnny's condition is like a painful dream rather than a fearful reality. But my Heavenly Father knows how large a share of earthly happiness I am to be intrusted with, and may I be fitted not only for the meek endurance of present troubles, but likewise for any farther chastisement which His righteous will may have in reserve for me. I was called to witness this morning, a scene sadly in consonance with my own feelings. Dr. M., the senior and presiding surgeon of the U. S. Hospital, sent for me early, to pray with himself and wife for two of their sweet children, a boy and girl, of the ages of seven and nine, who are lying at the point of death with this malignant fever: if these should be taken, they will have but one left, who is not as old as W. I talked with the little girl, and when I began to repeat to her, 'There is a happy land,' the brightening of her countenance indicated that I had touched a responsive chord. She knew it, and her father desired me to sing it. She sang part of the hymn with me. Sweet child! I trust she will be spared to her doting parents. The breaking out of disease, as in these, within the hospital premises, is very ominous. Perhaps it indicates that the atmo-

sphere there is infected; if so, then all the physicians, and nurses, and attendants there, may be taken down, and the direful results can not be foreseen: but this is not sufficiently established. The state of things in Norfolk is said to be awful, beyond description. There are twelve hundred cases of sickness, and a daily average of thirty deaths. Two or three more physicians have died there within the past forty-eight hours. Our Academy is crowded with destitute, homeless, orphan children. Oh! these are no times for indulging in miserable feelings. We are called on, as disciples of the Saviour, to forget poor, miserable self, and to be considerate for others. I regard sitting down and making one's self and others around one, miserable, as especially sinful at this solemn time. Let us be up and doing.

"Yours, JAMES CHISHOLM."

To Mr. Joseph Chisholm, Salem.

"PORTSMOUTH, *Monday Morning, September* 3, 1855.

"MY DEAR BROTHER: Your letter was received last Tuesday. From the tenor of your letter, as well as from the fact that I had not heard from you before, I perceived that you had not the slightest conception of the nature and extent of the calamity which is desolating our devoted community—a calamity, I verily believe, without a parallel in the history of the United States. The principal part of the population left the place in panic. Of nearly 12,000, the estimated number of inhabitants of Portsmouth, there remains not 4000, white and colored inclusive. The mortality by this fearful epidemic has already amounted to about 400, so that the remaining population is literally decimated, and the ravages of the disease continue unabated. But the desolation occasioned by the mere mortality is but a part — I might almost

say the lesser part of our calamity. Although philanthropic physicians and nurses from abroad have nobly taken their lives in their hands and come in to our relief, the amount and diversified phases of our distress, occasioned by desertion and insufficient nursing, beggar computation. In the wake of pestilence too, closely follows famine. Its pinching horrors are already felt by a large part of our population, though the genial atmosphere of summer lingers with us, and autumn is pouring her redundant stores all around us. There is but one, I must correct myself, there is *not one* grocery-store open in the place. A depository of the provisions, however, generously sent us by the noble cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore, has been opened, and from this source the needy and wo-stricken sufferers are supplied. With a characteristic delicacy, our municipal authorities have made no parade whatever of the public and universal misery; but the good Samaritans of these cities have literally come where we were, and when they saw us, they had compassion on us and have done much toward 'binding up our wounds,' at least have taken care of us, and have literally said: 'Whatsoever thou expendest more, I will be responsible for.'" * * *

"PORTSMOUTH, *Tuesday, Sept.* 4, 1855.

"MY DEAR J.: Just at this moment an astonishing spectacle is presented to our gaze, and I trust we may hail it as the first omen of better days. A schooner, under full sail, is actually entering the harbor. There has been nothing like this seen for at least six weeks past. I presume she brings a cargo of ice, the supply in both towns being nearly exhausted. We are all well to-day. The state of things in Norfolk is said to be appalling beyond all conception. The Baltimore steamer came into port to-day, to land, among other articles, a lot of fifty coffins; and we

are told that such was the dire need of them, that there was actual quarrelling and fighting over them."

To the Author.

"PORTSMOUTH, *Sept.* 5, 1855.

"MY VERY DEAR FRIEND: I must say one word to you, and I can say no more. Your letter, just received, has been 'a word in season to him that is weary.' Side by side with it in my box lay another communication from Cumberland county, announcing what I had so little prepared myself for, though preädmonished —that my precious child had ceased to suffer, and was a lamb gathered into the Good Shepherd's bosom; and if the little ones be intrusted to the guardian care of elder ransomed spirits, faith teaches me to whose nurture the spirit of my darling has been consigned by Him whose name is Love—she who on earth approved herself so, a faithful, tender, Christian mother. 'He hath done all things well.' The condition of our town is awful beyond conception. The eye must see; the ear must hear; the fancy can not furnish the deep, dark shadows of the picture. On Sunday, thirty-two deaths in Portsmouth; on Monday, twenty-one; yesterday, thirteen; to-day, by eleven o'clock, seventeen. The heartless language of the undertaker from whom I obtained this morning's report, was, almost in a tone of exultation: 'Oh! we'll get it up to twenty before sunset.'

"Yours, in Christian love,

"J. CHISHOLM."

"PORTSMOUTH, *Wednesday, September* 5, 1855.

"MY DEAR MARTHA: It probably occurs to you, that in the present appalling condition of our plague-smitten community, but

one alternative presents itself to the consideration of every one. Shall I regard personal safety alone, and flee with speed from this atmosphere of poison and death; or shall I look the question of my relations to society, to humanity, and to God, full in the face, and decide accordingly? The question of duty as a minister of Christ, has determined me to stand firm at the post to which I have believed all along the providence of God called me. Up to this hour, for the period of seven weeks that the desolating scourge has been doing its remorseless work amongst us, I have been perfectly well; not one uneasy or uncomfortable feeling. For five weeks of this time I have been a daily, and sometimes a nightly attendant, as occasion might call me, at the sick and dying-beds of the sufferers and victims of this malignant fever. My present condition surprises myself. I trust that I more than ever realize that the 'Eternal God is my refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.' I am in His hands, to do with me what seemeth Him good. The wards of the U. S. Hospital, temporarily granted for the use of our people of Portsmouth, are crowded, to the number of 150 or 200, with yellow-fever patients, and I pay these wards a daily visit, endeavoring to administer as far as desired or needed, the blessed resources of our holy religion. It is some comfort amid these dreary walks of duty, to reflect that I have aided some poor creatures to seek and find that peace which the world can neither give nor take away. I also visit whenever in town I am called for. As to the details of wo presented by our present condition, I do believe that it is utterly incompetent to any descriptive powers to convey a picture of them. Never since the continent of America has been settled, (I speak calmly, and with reference to what I have read or heard of,) never has so terrible a calamity overwhelmed the same amount of population. You would find it extremely difficult to lend credence to some statements which I

could make to you from knowledge and observation. Yesterday, a communication was received from generous, sympathizing Baltimore, offering to convey the entire remaining and surviving population of Norfolk and Portsmouth to any salubrious point that might be selected, or could be obtained by them; and likewise guaranteeing to them, so long as they might be there detained, all things in the way of provisions, furniture, bedding, etc., which they should stand in need of. The very fact suggests some idea of the horrors of our position. But I fear the offer can not be accepted. There is no inhabitated house without yellow-fever patients, whom it would be hazardous to remove. And the well could not be spared, for they are even now far too few to take care of the *sick*. And then, people can not run away themselves, and leave their servants to suffer and die. I have one suggestion to make, that in every city and town they wake up and try to respond to the dictates of humanity and Christian sympathy, by introducing the calamity of these their sister cities into their desks and pulpits; that they cry mightily unto God for us; that they satisfy themselves, if need require, as to the facts of the unparalleled miseries of our communities; that they appoint seasons of special humiliation and prayer for the commending of our case to a merciful God. Can you not, as a suggestion coming from me, stir up the Christian congregations of ———, to their duty to themselves, to their country, and their God, in this respect?"

"PORTSMOUTH, *Sept. 6th*, 1855.

"MY DEAR J: I have your sweet and consoling letter. It reached me last night, only a few hours after I had received Bro. Dame's second letter. May God fully sanctify to me His painful visitations. I can not express to you the grateful sense I entertain of the kindness of you all to the departed. Thank Bro. Dame for his truly soothing and sympathizing letters.

"The horrors of pestilence, both here and in Norfolk, continue without abatement. The lives of the few who remain in town, in the enjoyment of health, and they are very, very few, hang in doubt before them. * * * J. C."

To his Sister.

"PORTSMOUTH *Sept. 7th*, 1855, *Friday Morn.*

"MY DEAR ANNE: The inclosed scrap from the *Richmond Dispatch*, [he here means the notice of dear little Johnnie's death,] which some kindly sympathizing soul has penned and then sent on to me by mail, tells its own sad story. He ceased to breathe last Friday night, the 31st instant. 'I was dumb, I opened not my mouth because Thou didst it!' 'He hath done all things well!' 'Blessed be the name of the Lord.' The word and spirit of God teach me to adopt these utterances, and I trust they come from my heart. No tongue can tell the accumulated and still gathering horrors of our situation here. I am at the post of duty, and in the hands of the Lord. But be prepared for any intelligence, for our lives hang in doubt before us from hour to hour. I still view with grieved amazement, the apathy of —— at woes to which human history can scarcely present a parallel. All the notice which the —— press there has taken of our case, *as far as I have heard*, is the promulgation in one or more papers of a cruel falsehood, namely, that the Protestant ministers had, in a body, deserted their post of duty, and sought personal safety at the approach of danger.

"Let the touching paragraph inclosed speak for one of them. At least two others, Norfolk ministers, labored until they could stand no longer, and are now 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' Another of our Protestant ministers of Portsmouth is the poor, enfeebled wreck of one of the finest constitutions that you will meet with. But he is convalescent, and

God can and I believe will give him back his physical energies. Another who has been 'in season and out of season,' is now prostrated, perhaps upon the bed of death. This morning he made his final bequests to his devoted family, in regard to every earthly matter. The ears of every individual in the community, where such misrepresentations have been promulgated and listened to, ought to be made to tingle. I do not say that every minister among us has stood at his post; but such as have left can doubtless assign a reason for their course; and what right have those to sit in judgment upon them, who would not touch the burden of our agony, miseries, and despair, with their little fingers? Let the members of our truth-loving family make these things known. There lies a schooner at our wharf; the first, I believe, that has entered the harbor for six weeks. She is from ——. Her freight is ice, which article is absolutely necessary to our dying community, not only as a momentary relief from the quenchless fire of fever, but as a medicine. But she is selling the article at a reasonable profit. This is the first commodity too, that has been even *sold* to us, for the period I have specified."*

* The following is the paragraph referred to, from the *Richmond Dispatch*:

"Rev. ANTHONY DIBRELL.—*The South Side Democrat* pays a warm tribute to the memory of the Rev. Anthony Dibrell, late pastor of Granby-Street Methodist Church, Norfolk, who fell a martyr to his sense of duty to Religion and Humanity. The *Democrat* says: 'Ever since the fever commenced its ravages, Mr. Dibrell has been untiring in his ministrations at the bed of affliction, breathing consolation to the distressed and soothing the passage of his people to the grave. Like a faithful and affectionate shepherd, he deserted not his flock, but with a Christian fortitude and a Christian charity he exerted every energy of his nature, in season and out of season, until the fell destroyer, with remorseless grasp, seized its pious prey, and consigned him to the gloom of the grave. We knew Anthony Dibrell—knew him long and well. He was the loveliest specimen of Christian character we ever saw. Every one who was acquainted with this man of God, loved him with a tenderness and a devotion as deep as it was disinterested.'"

Some allowance must be made for the strong expressions in these letters arising more from a jealous regard to the fame of the places which the original letter referred to, than from a real doubt of their sympathy. Besides, we must allow for the want of accurate information in this time of an embargo of pestilence.

The public meetings held afterwards, the deep expressions of sympathy, and the substantial contributions sent on for the relief of the sufferers, show that it was not for want of heart-felt sympathy, so much as from a want of full information that this apparent apathy existed. No! let us thank God the Father of our compassionate Saviour, for the noble, Christian-like spirit which this event has elicited in our whole country. It is characteristic of Christ our Saviour, that He never passed affliction and sickness without relieving it—*physical* suffering. The imitation of His high example is the spirit of Christianity in this respect. *Where Christ is*, *there* is a self-sacrificing humanity.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Pestilence—Death of his Second Son—Interesting Incident of Same—Effect upon Mr. C.'s Spirits—Ill Effects of Agitation in Times of Sickness—Lines on the Death of his Son—His Last Writing—Death—Letter of E. A. Hatton.

THE Great Being who prepares those whom He loves for their great change, had in store for him further chastening. The second son, Johnny, never recovered from an attack of the measles. Mr. Chisholm's letters through the spring and summer of 1855, show his fears; and the deafness and wasting of the child, justified them. The mother was spared this affliction, for the attack of the measles came on after her departure. Hope still clung to this little one on the part of the father, but it will be seen to have been unfounded; his death preceded his father's but a few days, at the close of the summer, in the house of an uncle, and under the care of relatives that spared no pains, no watchings, no prayers for his recovery.

In the foregoing letters of the month of Sep-

tember, he refers to the death of little Johnny, who died on Friday night, August 31st. There was something which occurred so remarkable in his death, that some friend in Cumberland county published an account of it. We subjoin the brief article taken from the *Richmond Enquirer:*

"AN INTERESTING CHILD.—'Little Johnny,' as he was familiarly and affectionately known in the circle at home, a younger son of the Rev. James Chisholm, of St. John's Church, Portsmouth, died at the residence of his uncle, Thomas Paige, Esq., in Cumberland county, a few days since, in the fifth year of his age. It is a source of consolation to know, says the writer of his obituary, that every attention was paid to the little sufferer, and that his pillow was smoothed by kindred friends who deeply sympathize with his only surviving parent. His last moments were quiet; the storm had subsided to a peaceful calm; unconscious of surrounding objects, his mind wandered to the spirit of his departed mother. Fixing his eye, and pointing significantly in a corresponding direction, he exclaimed, 'There is my Mamma, and his angel soul winged its flight to heaven."*

* Those who were with him, relate that he had not spoken for hours, and they could hardly tell whether he was living, so utterly unconscious did he seem. He turned his face around, and they thought it was a falling over of his head, and replaced it, with his face upwards: again he turned his face, pointed with his little wasted finger, and made the exclamation, "There is my mamma," and died instantly. It was on this last day of August that his friend in Martinsburg wrote to Mr. Chisholm a letter, to which his letter of September 5th is a reply, and ventured to suggest the consoling thought that though the father might not be present to see him die, yet the sainted and departed mother might then be present to carry his spirit to spirit-land. He answers that he knows nothing in this idea contrary to his faith. In writing

It is an established fact that in these pestilences nothing tends more surely to excite and to aggravate the disorder, than mental agitation, especially fear, and also despondency, or any depres-

his obituary for the Martinsburg paper, his friend remarked upon the contemporaneousness of this trust, so strongly expressed in his letter of the 5th, and the circumstance of "Little Johnny's" death: "These lines were penned by him immediately after reading the letter from Cumberland announcing, the death of his child. That LITTLE ONE in dying seemed to have vouchsafed to his dying vision, the evidence of 'things unseen' by the father. * * * The wise men of the world would call this a 'singular coïncidence:' Christians do not reject God's providence, even in the fall of a sparrow."

LINES

Written upon reading the account of the Death of the Rev. Mr. Chisholm, "Church Journal," September 27.

They told him that his gentle boy
Was on his death-bed lying;
They bade him speed—his tender bud
Was drooping, withering, dying.

One moment of deep agony
Passed o'er his pallid brow;
Then spoke the saint: "My post is here—
I may not leave it now.

"O God! the God in whom I trust,
Be with my stricken flower:
Hear thou my prayer—oh! bless my child,
In this his dying-hour.

"And if the spirits of the blest
Extend their guardian care
To those they loved below, oh! grant
A sorrowing father's prayer.

sion of spirits. Nothing, on the other hand, is more conducive to safety than calmness, self-possession, and cheerfulness even. The singular gayety, even levity, sometimes seeming so out of place in physicians, nurses, and friends of the sick,

"May she whose gentle blessing first
Was pressed upon his brow,
In this, his last and mortal hour,
Be with my darling now."

Oh! precious is the Christian's trust,
And never was it known
To fail the humble faith of one
Who claims it for his own.

* * * * *

The little form is fading fast,
And the fixed glazing eye
Is upward turned—the parting lips
Breathe the short, frequent sigh.

When lo! a ray of rapturous light
Kindles on lip and eye;
A vision bright is passing there—
A form beloved is nigh.

Listen! the pallid lips unclose,
The arms are raised on high;
The prayer of faith is heard—*she* comes
To bear him to the sky.

"There is my mother!" All is o'er;
Press down the darkened eye:
Dust to its kindred dust: the soul
Is with its God on high.

* * * * *

is not merely a reäction of the feelings, but often an effort of nature to avoid that provocation of attack. Regularity in diet, sleeping, and exercise are important; but above all, an humble but firm trust in God—a perfect conviction "that He ordereth all things right." It is wonderful how this will sometimes disarm the foe, when ten thousand are falling at our right hand. But Death cometh in like an armed man upon those who yield to alarm.

It is apparent that up to the death of his son, Mr. Chisholm possessed his soul in patience; his

The prayer of faith is wafted on,
And God, in pitying love,
Has sent to bear the stricken one
To his bright home above.

Plague-smitten martyr, near thy bed,
Unseen by mortal eye,
Are waiting those she loved on earth—
To bear thee up on high.

And holy lips are breathing now;
"Servant of God well done:
Well hast thou fought the glorious fight,
Bravely the victory won.

"Heaven's golden portals open wide;
Enter thy glorious rest;
The martyr's crown awaits thy brow,
Oh! sorely tried and blest!"

NEW-YORK, *October* 7, 1855. E.

letters, numbers of which lie before us, all show this. There is a limit beyond which any nature must give way. The tone of his letters from that time, is manifestly changed. In spite of all his efforts to shut out the sad image of his dying child, his heart and strength failed him; the wail of his wounded spirit is heard amidst the calm details of his holy labors with the sick and dying; the rest of the quiet bed-chamber, the tranquillizing effect of the social meal, the holy refreshment of even secret prayer, were all saddened by the abiding sorrow of heart caused by the taking away of all hope of recovery, by the death of his son.

The following letter, addressed to a brother clergyman, the Rev. C. J. Gibson, on the day of his reception of the tidings of his son's death, is so beautiful an instance of the progress and the rapidity of that process of ripening for his Master's kingdom, that it is proper to insert it here; the last sentence is especially indicative of this:

"PORTSMOUTH, *Wednesday, September* 5, 1855.

"MY BELOVED BROTHER: I can but give you a line in response to your most tender and comforting letter, but I will not withhold that line.

"The same mail that brought yours to-day, has brought me the announcement for which I had so little prepared myself, though

admonished; that my sweet child has been taken from suffering to his Saviour's everlasting rest, and the companionship of his mother. No passage in your letter, or in any letter I have received, has touched me so much as your allusion to my dear children, my only earthly treasure, and I had almost said, my all of earthly happiness. My Heavenly Father has been pleased to put to rest for ever each busy thought of solicitude or of earthly hope, in regard to one of them, which I had been wont to cherish, *and strange to say, it seems as if the burden were lifted off my heart, in regard to the other.*"

On the seventh of September, surrounded by the objects of his once happy home, the mementos of the departed wife and child, his household Penates lying shattered around him, he calmly penned this his last epistle, and before he had time to affix his signature to it, he was called away to officiate at the funeral of a young girl. The fatal precursory chill seized him while he was repeating the solemn funeral service of the Church, standing on the edge of the open grave. He was taken by his own request to the Naval Hospital, and though many yearning hearts hoped that he might be spared, this was not to be. He had held his post until the plague was staid; he had stood at the gate of the valley and shadow of death, to cheer and stay up the heart of every comer, and then when nearly all had entered, he went in him-

self, alone. The following was forwarded to John W. Page, Jr., Esq., after the death of the writer:

"My Beloved Brother: A burthen has for some weeks been resting on my mind. As it seems manifest that this remorseless pestilence will spare none—as there is scarcely an individual of my acquaintance who remains here, but has been attacked, or is now prostrated by it, or has been hurried into the world of spirits—I feel that I ought to say to some near friend, what, in one event, which is possible, I might not have opportunity to say. I would say in regard to myself, should no opportunity be vouchsafed me to make the declaration, that I now, as in utter uncertainty as to the result, place my entire and exclusive trust as a conscious sinner, by nature and by practice, guilty, condemned, and helpless, in the merits of Jesus Christ, God my Saviour. That I look back upon my past life with sorrow and shame, when I remember how unworthily and unfaithfully it has been spent. That nothing affords me comfort and peace at this solemn season, but that true saying, and worthy of all men to be received, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am the chief. That my convictions, and emotions, and hopes, in approaching Him, as my refuge against the accusations of conscience, and the fear of death and judgment, find expression in the words of that hymn whose first and final verses are these:

'Just as I am! without one plea,
Save that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God! I come.

* * * * * *

'Just as I am! Thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down:
Now to be thine and thine alone,
O Lamb of God! I come.'

And in regard to my dear and now only child, Willie, I have to say, that should I be taken from him at this season, I have only a few hundred dollars, not perhaps more than five, wherewith to make provision for his earthly wants, and nurture of body and mind. (In my account-book, which will be put into the hands of Mr. A. H., I have made, I believe, a full and correct statement of my financial matters.) I leave the provision for his wants and the disposal of his earthly lot, entirely in the hands of Him who says to me: 'Leave with me thy fatherless children.' On this head, I strive to put away all solicitude, arising out of the fact that I have not been able to lay up any thing adequate towards his support until he should be of an age to maintain himself by his exertions. I am only anxious about the welfare of his soul. Should he live, I desire that, if possible, he should be trained by some truly pious and prayerful friend, to the fear of God and the love of Christ his Saviour. I would have him raised and educated in affectionate preference for, and attachment to, the doctrines and usages of my own beloved Protestant Episcopal Church, as held by the evangelical portion of the Church; who, according to my own convictions, alone hold the true and correct views of the Church, and in their practice fairly represent her distinctive spirit. I would have him trained to be obedient, diligent, and truthful; strictly economical in every particular, and yet benevolent in feeling, generous in action towards others. In the choice of companions and associates, I would have him ever guided, on principle, by those first chapters of the Book of Proverbs, which he has already committed to memory. Above all things, it is my desire that it may please God to endue his mind and prepare his heart for the meet exercise of the Christian ministry, and to incline his heart to make choice of this vocation. In the event of my removal, will you be so kind as to communicate these my sentiments and wishes to the members of my

own and J——'s family? The rest I leave to their concurrent discretion and arrangement."

The reader has now but to be introduced to the chamber where this good man met his fate. It was a ward of the Naval Hospital. I have the privilege of giving them this detail, in a letter written to his wife's sister, by one who loved him like a brother; whose house was his home during the greater part of those fearful two months; whose name will ever be associated in Portsmouth with Mr. Chisholm's, for his noble disinterestedness, courage, and humanity, during that dark time. We know that others besides this excellent young man deserve that praise which truth accords to heroism, but being so especially connected with Mr. Chisholm for years, and to the end of his life, by the ties of dear friendship, founded upon the fact in part that he joined the Church under his ministry, I give the account of the last eight days of his life, his death and burial, in the words of Mr. Edward Alexander Hatton, of Portsmouth:

"SUNNY SIDE, *Sept.* 18*th*, 1855.

"MY DEAR M. AND J.: In a short note on Sunday last, I communicated the mournful tidings of the death of our beloved brother—for I feel as if he were my brother—and promised to give

you a more detailed account, after I had recruited a little. On Friday, the 7th inst., he went to town as usual, with either my brother or Dr. M., and at 4 P.M. I went for him, as I was accustomed to do. Upon arriving at Waverly, which was our rendezvous, he was not there, but had left a message for me to wait, as he had gone to bury Mrs. S.'s child. In about ten minutes he returned, and said he thought he had a chill, and asked me to look at his hands, which were rather pale, and cool. He said he had felt faint while at prayer, and thought he had better go immediately to the hospital. After some consultation I determined to drive him down and consult the doctor as to whether he had better remain or not. We went down and found Dr. M. there, and he thought Mr. C. had better remain; so I saw Dr. M., who immediately had him placed in a comfortable room, and after seeing him snugly fixed, I bade him good night, and told Dr. M. that if I could be of any service to him to let me know. He said he thought for the present I had better not be with him, as he could not have any thing to eat for several days, and quiet and freedom from all excitement were most essential in every case of this disease. I however sent one of our best men to attend him, and I went down every day, though I only saw him once, until Monday, when the doctor thought I could be of service, as his fever had broken and he could take food. I immediately went to his room, and finding that he fancied frozen arrow-root, proceeded to the kitchen, and prepared some myself, putting prepared chalk in, with the doctor's approbation. During the preceding night a gentleman had been placed in the room with Mr. Chisholm, as the rooms were all occupied; but as another patient had just been discharged, and this gentleman had become delirious, and I thought would disturb Mr. Chisholm, I asked the doctor, and he immediately had him removed into the room vacated by Mr. C. R., which was rather more airy, and only a few steps distant. From

this time I remained with him, administering his nourishment (at this time he took no medicine) with my own hand. Besides arrow-root, he had, as he might prefer, boiled milk, chicken-soup, tea, and once coffee, and chicken-jelly, which I had made at home. But he preferred the arrow-root frozen, with a little port wine, to any thing else; and every morning I made a little more than a *pint*, which lasted four hours. He was quite cheerful, though the doctor had positively forbidden him to talk at all, and had desired him to keep as still as possible for fear of irritating his stomach and inducing black vomit. For that reason I talked very little with him, but frequently washed his face, head, and hands with ice-water with a little aromatic vinegar in it, which was very grateful to him. His mind, however, in my opinion, was not entirely clear, except at intervals, during his illness. He would, after sleeping, call me and ask the most out-of-the way questions, and after a little seem to recover himself and then say: 'Z., is it you?'

"On Thursday I thought he was doing remarkably well; though, as I always wrote you, I could only speak for the moment; and on Friday morning I also thought him improving, as he took a great quantity of nourishment, and retained it all without the slightest difficulty. About 2 P.M. on Friday a change took place, and he asked for champagne, which was given him; and he acted in rather a strange manner I thought. He continued to grow worse, and at 2 P.M. the doctor said there was no hope for him. I immediately informed him of his situation, and did it as gently as possible. For a moment he was much prostrated, but after I had laved his head with ice-water, he recovered and said: 'He had hoped it would please God to spare his life, but he was perfectly resigned to His will and prepared for the change.' He asked me to read the hymn commencing, 'Rise my soul,' which I did, and read several others for him, and also repeated several portions

of Scripture, and made a quotation from one of Mr. C.'s letters, namely, 'That it was merely a question of time with him, how long he was a probationer in this world.' He said: 'Yes, dear Mr. C., how much pleasure his letters have given me, and how they have buoyed me up, and encouraged me to proceed in my labors.' During all this time, I had to keep his head wet with ice-water, frequently renewed, and speak to him frequently, as his brain was becoming more and more implicated every moment. I then asked if he had any messages for his friends, an dhe said: 'I have committed my feelings and views to writing,' (he gave them to me the day he was attacked, and requested me to forward them to your brother J., which I did yesterday,) 'but say to them that for the last eight days I have been the object of intense solicitude with the surgeons and attendants at this hospital, the best establishment in the United States, and have received the utmost kindness and attention from them.' I then asked if he had no other message for you; but his mind was giving way rapidly, and he said: 'I can not now, I wish to go to sleep.' Finding it impossible to get him to say any more, I advised him to go to sleep, and he said, sweetly: 'He giveth His beloved sleep;' and turned over and immediately dozed off. I now commenced stimulating him with brandy, champagne, carb.-ammonia, and externally with mustard and capsicum, but he continued to sink, and at 6 A.M., on Saturday morning he swallowed with so much difficulty that I stopped giving him any thing. He then slept quietly until 2½ P.M., having taken 35 drops laudanum, when he awoke, and seemed rather better. I immediately washed his mouth with a towel wet with ice-water and vinegar, and called the doctor, who said he would try again. He gave him soup, brandy, champagne, carb.-ammonia, and for a few minutes it seemed as if he would rally; but we soon found out that it was only the last effort of

Nature, and he gradually grew weaker and colder until 20 minutes to 10 P.M., when he expired.

"After his death, he was dressed in a full suit of black, with white cravat, and at 12 M. on Sunday we buried him, very plainly but decently by her whom he so much loved. I wrote to Rev. Mr. Jackson, who saw him during his sickness, desiring him, if possible, to officiate. He was, however, unable to do so, and the Rev. Mr. Hume, of the Baptist Church, came down of his own accord, and most kindly read our service over him. There were some 20 persons at the grave, which at this time, when people are buried, and nobody present but the hearse-driver, and the grave-digger, is quite a large collection. The physicians at the hospital were very much attached to him and deeply regretted his death. Dr. Minor remarked to me: 'That such a man was a walking sermon.' I have his valise and key, the key of a trunk, his wedding-ring, and cuff-buttons, and his pocket-comb, which I thought Willie would like to have. I also saved a lock of his hair, which you can take if you think prudent. His pocket-book is also in my posession. I have some 20 or 25 letters, most of which I have answered, they being business ones. I have written to *his* brother, to J. P., Mr. A., and Mr. C. He wrote a letter to J., in which he expressed his wishes and feelings, the day he was taken ill, and handed it to me at the hospital, when he was preparing for bed, desiring me to read it and forward it. Hoping he would recover, I deferred sending it until yesterday, and for fear it might be lost, I retained a copy of it. The doctor considered his case rather a strange one; and I think that *Johnnie's* death preyed much upon his mind, which was one of the causes of his brain being so soon affected. During his whole illness he never had the slightest nausea, and retained every thing he took, and he took a great quantity of nourishment for a fever patient, but it seemed to do him no good. The worst symptom was

an unconquerable diarrhœa, which nothing would check; which was part of his disease; but it is rather strange his stomach did not seem to sympathize with the disease of the bowels. You may rest assured that every thing that human skill could do was done; for the doctors were most assiduous in their attentions, visiting him every two or three hours during the day and several times during the night; and I always called them if any new symptom appeared or any change took place. Most of his nourishment I prepared myself, and administered every dose of medicine and all nourishment with my own hand; and from Monday until Saturday night, I only slept ten hours. I am confident that no one has had better attention. I do not mention this as if I deserved any credit, but merely to let you know that he was well taken care of. He has gone to his reward. It is true he has died of the fever, from ministering to the spiritual wants and necessities of others; but much as I loved him, and much as I shall miss him, I would rather he should be where he is, and know he has fallen like a good and true soldier of Jesus Christ, with his armor on, battling for his King, than have had him survive by deserting his post in the time of danger and necessity, or when he was most wanted. Few will miss him more than myself. But God has called him and I strive to be resigned to His will, knowing that 'He doeth all things well,' and that 'He doth not willingly afflict the sons of men.'"

CHAPTER XIV.

Account of Mr. Chisholm by his Sister-in-law—Further Incidents of Character — His Purpose to remain in Portsmouth under any Circumstances considered — False reports of Protestant Ministers — Thoughts on their Course as compared with that of Roman Catholics — Reasons why Ministers from Other Places do not volunteer their Services—Conclusion.

We have now, most imperfectly, sketched the earthly course of our friend. We have followed him through his youth, his student and ministerial life, seen him faithful unto death, and laid in the tomb where, amidst those whom he served, he will await the resurrection of the just.

"For ever with the Lord—
Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in the word—
'Tis immortality."

We do not regret the occurrence of a few additional thoughts, appropriate to a conclusion, as they will detain us a little longer in his company. The following extract from a letter, written by a sister of Mrs. Chisholm to her brother, which

contains a graphic sketch of his domestic and pastoral life, will be read with interest, even more from the fact that it was not designed for publication:

"I would speak of his *private character as a Christian*, in the most intimate connections of life, in his family, where I knew him well, and of which for some time I was a member. I never knew of one who came so near my idea of what a Christian ought to be; every part of the character so beautifully blended, and forming 'the highest style of man.' 'The peace of God, which passeth all understanding,' was shed abroad in his heart, which nothing seemed to disturb; at the same time he had the deepest sense of his sinfulness and unworthiness in the sight of God. Dear Jane told me once that she had never known him in the least depressed, except when speaking of his sins and shortcomings, and then she had seen him weep bitterly. She also mentioned that shortly after their marriage, she was deeply affected at finding a little book of his, on Self-Examination, worn by constant use, and marked, and pasted, and patched together. Well do I remember his *gentle, manly deportment* at all times, in his family and among his parishioners, and towards every body; and how in walking with him he would greet so many with a kind and gracious word, or smile of recognition, that I would exclaim: 'Who is it that you don't know?' When we would go out with him to spend the day or evening, I have remarked his manner and conversation as just what that of a man of God ought to be; while the countenances of young and old, the child of the world as well as the Christian, spoke the pleasure they felt when he came in; all paid him the respect due to his profession and character; and before he would leave, he would in the most quiet, unobtrusive manner ask to have family prayers, and

frequently close the evening with sacred music. He was remarkably systematic in every thing. Rising up early, he would kindle his own fire, bathe freely in cold water, play merrily with the children, go to market, walk usually several miles, and spend some time in his study, before breakfast, and come in to family prayer in the brightest and happiest frame. He economized his time so as never to seem hurried or disturbed by interruption. The time that he could spare from devotional or ministerial labors, was spent in ministering to the comfort and pleasure of his family, in delightful conversation, in reading, walking, or visiting with them. No weather kept him from taking his regular exercise or visiting his parishioners. I have often known him to come in at night when the rain was pouring down, (when we thought he was in his study, and that those who were not obliged to be out were housed,) and tell us of some interesting circumstance connected with visits he had been paying.

"In the relation of husband and father, I never knew one more exemplary, always tender, loving, and affectionate, anticipating every want, as far as his circumstances would allow. J. told me, several years after they were married, that there never had been the 'shadow of a shade' between them. In a most striking manner was his tenderness and faithfulness in this relation manifested to all who saw him during the last few months of her life. Though his natural buoyancy of spirit kept him from realizing her danger, and he hoped constantly that she would recover, all noticed his untiring efforts, day and night, to minister relief and comfort. Often would he come in, looking the picture of love and good-humor, producing something that he had bought for her. He was constant in reading to her the Bible, and other good books, particularly 'The Words of Jesus,' and 'Melvill's Lectures.' When he had prayers in her room, so touching and appropriate were his remarks and his manner that all in the room

would be melted to tears. I thought, as I stood with him beside her sick-bed, during the last few days of her life, that if there were any of those whose privilege it was to be there, who had doubted the truth and preciousness of religion, they would doubt no more. There she lay, though suffering intensely, the picture of meekness and submission, mourning over her sinfulness and short-comings, yet strong in Christ as her sure hope; and pointing, to those who had not made their peace with God, to Him for pardon and peace, and urging those who professed His name to 'live nearer to God,' to be 'Bible Christians.' And there was *he*, almost broken down with fatigue and distress, at one time, with trembling voice praying and singing hymns to her; at another time administering the communion—and ever pouring into her ear the blessed consolations of religion. The closing scene was in character with all that had gone before. A short time before her death—we had been singing hymns, 'Jesus, Saviour of my soul,' 'We'll try to prove faithful,' 'All is well,' and 'How firm a foundation'—her soul seemed filled with devotion. After we had finished the verse, 'The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,' she looked at him in the most earnest manner and said: 'Mr. Chisholm! is there such a thing as having too much confidence in Jesus, and not thinking enough of our own sins?' He answered her that there was not, and asked her if she had this confidence. She said: 'Yes, perfect confidence—perfect confidence.' It seemed to be the last triumph over the enemy, at the very gate of heaven. I stood with him there to catch the last word, to hear the last 'gentle sigh,' and with him left the chamber of death. The first sound that broke in upon its stillness, was the voice of that stricken man of God saying:

'One gentle sigh—the fetter breaks,
We scarce can say she's gone,
Before her willing spirit took
Its station near the throne;'

and comforting us with the truths that were sustaining his own heart. He dwelt much that night on the love of God *to us*, displayed even in our afflictions; said that it seemed to him that ours was in that respect like the family at Bethany; that where we had to mourn the loss of so many, we had the assurance that they were all saved. This, as he said, was his first real grief. He reproached himself much because he had not realized more than he had her situation, and done more for her, while we thought that it was beyond the power of man to do more. The cemetery became now more attractive than any other place; scarcely a day passed that he did not visit it. I often went with him there, and the morning of the day that we left Portsmouth, before breakfast, M. and J. went with him to visit this spot, and he took out of his pocket a little book of sacred poems, and read some of her favorite pieces, and wept as he read. He was seen by some one, a day or two before he was taken sick, weeping at her grave. He was always a most devoted father, and had the happiest way of teaching his children, at all times, by talking to and questioning them, and making every thing interesting. Willie loves to think and talk of the time spent in the study, and says he never was so happy as when he was at the study with his papa. Particularly anxious did he seem that their minds might be imbued with God's spirit, that they might early be made His children. The *servants shared largely in our dear brother's care and consideration;* all that have lived with him, loved him. He never forgot their wants or failed to provide bountifully for them. If there was to be any exhibition in town that he considered harmless, and that they would be interested in, he would furnish them with money to attend it. At the beginning of the year he hired an old woman for a cook, who, though faithful at her work, had a most violent temper and tongue, and consequently said and did pretty much as she

pleased. No one would have thought that 'Aunt Amy' had any feeling of tenderness; but when little Willie would go in the kitchen and 'preach' to her and 'mammy,' the old woman would actually be brought with tears to her knees. She saw so much that was lovely in his father, and received so many kind words of advice and warning from him, that she was forced to say, 'there must be something in religion.' The night after our dear Jane's funeral, some one had called in to see us. We missed Mr. Chisholm from the parlor, and after a while he came in and took his seat by sister S. and told her that he had been in the kitchen talking to 'Aunt Amy' about her soul, and that he found in her a strange mixture of Christianity and heathenism.

"*As a Pastor*, I can testify to his faithfulness. All felt indeed, 'that this is a holy man of God that passeth by us continually.' 'He was instant in season and out of season.' He went about doing good. He loved his people, and many, many were the manifestations of their love to him, which he often spoke of with gratitude. Last winter I heard him say, when speaking of the kindness of his people, that he would like to end his days and be buried among them. He not only labored himself, but did every thing in his power to encourage others in labors of love. When the sewing-society met on Monday, the members were animated in their work and schemes by the cheering presence and suggestions of their pastor. When the ladies' prayer-meeting met, on the afternoon of the same day, he would often go with us and conduct the meeting, or come in and close the exercises with some pointed and practical remarks and suitable hymns. The next afternoon we spent at the study, listening to his instructive explanation of Gospel truth. He generally gave the lessons, the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels for the following Sunday, to be studied for questions, and one of the thirty-nine articles to be committed to memory. This Bible-class meet-

ing was always opened with prayer, for the illumination of God's spirit, that we might be enabled 'to hear, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest' these truths, and bring forth the fruits of them. The evening of the same day was set apart for lectures at the private houses. At this meeting he generally used a part of our Church service, and extempore prayers, read a chapter or part of a chapter, and stood with the book in his hand, and explained and made application of it suitable to those whom he addressed. All these meetings (and particularly the last) were attended by members of other congregations, and he always tarried awhile to speak kind words to each one. In this as well as in many other ways, he won their hearts. They would urge him to visit them, so that he was well known and welcomed in families of all denominations. He encouraged also the members of the choir, by his regular attendance at their meetings. He took the deepest interest in the Sunday-school, and always attended it. He would go through the church from class to class —see what they were learning, and often teach those whose teachers happened to be absent. I had in my class a very bright and interesting little German boy; he took a great interest in this little fellow, and would come and talk to him in German, and give him lessons and hymns in that language to learn, and German tracts to take home with him to his parents. I have often wondered if little Charley survived the dread pestilence, which swept off so many foreigners, and hoped that his Sunday-school instruction may have been blessed to him and his poor family at that time. He would then go into the chancel and hear the whole school recite the Catechism, and ask questions upon it; then he would sing the hymn with them which they had committed to memory, and give them another for the next Sunday, and close the school with prayer. I think the hymn he gave them the last day we met, was 'Who are these in bright

array?' etc. On that day he gave them a most interesting account of the heathen, their different ways of punishing themselves and doing penance to atone for sin, and got them to sign a paper for regular weekly contributions to foreign missions. He was well known and beloved by the poor throughout the town. He appropriated the communion alms, as well as much from his own purse, to their relief. I love to think of the time when I used to go with him to visit the poor, and listen as they poured their grief into his sympathizing ear. One case particularly interested me. It was the same poor woman of whom he spoke in one of his letters as grieving over the death of her son, during the pestilence. Some time ago she was deeply afflicted by the death of a child, and to add to her troubles her husband had been sent to the penitentiary. Every one else seemed to have given her up, but he visited her often and tried to soothe her sorrow; and while her husband was in jail visited him every day, and put tracts through the bars of his prison-door. One day when he was talking to her, she said to him: 'Mr. Chisholm, the only thing that keeps me here is that little spot where my child is buried; and you and your sermons.' The last time our sewing-society met, the Monday before we left Portsmouth, he gave us a word of advice on the importance of recognizing, visiting, and encouraging poorer members of the congregation. The sick and dying felt it a privilege to hear his exhortations, prayers, and hymns.

"He took a deep interest in the young people of his congregations. 'Feed my lambs,' was an injunction remembered by him. If he saw any interest manifested by them in the one thing needful, he watched it with intense anxiety and followed it up with earnest conversations, letters, and prayers. The season of Lent was especially a time with him for laboring for the conversion of souls. It was his custom during this season to have a meeting

at his study, particularly for those who might be anxious about their souls. At these meetings he generally sat in his chair and talked and reasoned with them, with a solemnity and earnestness that showed he felt and realized every word he said, illustrating the subject by striking facts. Many look back to these meetings and bless God for them, and some of them remember how they dreaded the approach of Lent, fearing it would put a stop for awhile to their enjoyment, and how a word in season from his lips, or his pen had induced them to give up some fondly-anticipated gayeties and attend to their weekly meetings; how an arrow from the Almighty's quiver reached their hearts and his gentle persuasions led them to Jesus; and before the season had passed they could say

'As by the light of opening day,
The stars are all concealed;
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.'

If any went astray from the fold, a kind and gentle reproof or admonition from him, if it did not turn them from their course, convinced them that the Lord's table was not the place for them. Last Ash-Wednesday came a few days before dear Jane's death. He went to his study early in the morning, and staid (except during service) most of the day. When he came in, in the evening, he found her more unwell, and reproached himself for staying away so long. We found afterwards that he had been engaged in writing a letter of advice and warning to a young person in his congregation. I remember going to his study the day before the Bishop's visit, and finding him with a letter before him, which he let me read: it was a solemn letter to two young people—a brother and a sister, urging the fulfillment of a promise they had made to consecrate themselves to God, and not outwardly before they had done it inwardly. Such is a sketch of his manner of life. He

was in readiness for whatever that God whom he served might please to send. The same smile played on his countenance when the storm raged as in the sunshine. So ready was he even to meet the 'pestilence that walketh in darkness,' that when it came, though its terrors were great, they were not great enough to shake his resolution for a moment to continue to the last with any who could not escape. We tried in vain to persuade him to allow us to stay with him; but when, like Paul, he would not be persuaded, we said: 'The will of the Lord be done.' He accompanied us as far as Petersburg, and when he turned toward his place we followed him as far as the eye could reach, fearing but not allowing ourselves to believe that we should see him no more.

"J. R. P."

It is quite unnecessary for the author to give a formal *resumé* of Mr. Chisholm's character. The work has already been performed for the reader by the simple record of his life and death.* In an

* If the reader will turn to old Chaucer's "Parson of the Towne," and see his portraiture of "a good man of religion," he will see how little the lapse of five hundred years has changed the lineaments of a faithful Pastor, and he will also see how every line of it answers to the subject of this memoir.

"For rich he was, of holy thought and work;
He was also, a learned man—a clerk,
That Christe's gospel trewely would preach;
His parishers devoutly would he teach.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversity, full patient. * * *
* * * *
"And tho' he holy were, and virtuous,
He was to sinful men not dispiteous;
To drawen folk to Heaven with fairnesse,
By good ensample was his businesse.

affectionate and devoted attachment to the Episcopal Church he was surpassed by none, while of the forms of doctrine held in that Church, and the importance which he attached to the difference he himself put upon record when dressing himself to go into the presence of the Lord. Yet never was there a more catholic spirit. He could worship when necessity called for it, as the preceding narrative shows, with the Methodists. He defended the memory of one of their ministers almost with his last breath, and all his Protestant brethren whom Romanists have so often calumniated under such circumstances, nor did he withhold his hearty commendation of the faithful Catholic priest.

With respect to his capacity as a preacher his finished and almost elaborate style of rhetoric his brethren uniformly spoke in high terms. With respect to manner, there was an expression of deep reverence in his face, distinctness and earnestness in his tones of voice, never at any time absent from his public ministrations, which arrested and fixed the attention of his audience. And he carried the

> "He waited after neither pomp nor reverence,
> Made for himself no spiced conscience;
> But Christe's love, and his apostles twelve,
> He taught; *but first, he followed it himselve.*"

same manner into those services which he performed in the houses of the poorest of the people; and impressions were made by those services thus performed never to be forgotten. A recollection of one of them was expressed by the wife of a hard-working man (a former parishioner) who had moved to the lake country of Ohio, in a letter written upon reading a notice of his death in the public prints. "The news of his death opened the fountains of my tears. I wept and wept: old associations came to my mind. When mother was ill, and we all thought she was breathing her last, Mr. Chisholm came in. He kneeled by the bed, and in a strain of elevation repeated: 'Though I walk through the dark valley and shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou, O God! art with me.' Probably there was no one to do the same kind office for him when dying; but I believe the Angel of the Covenant was with him."

It may have been inferred from some passages in this memoir, that Mr. Chisholm was of so meek and gentle a nature as to be wanting in firmness. He was not indeed always showing his firmness about trifles, or when there was no occasion for it; but when the occasion demanded it, he was not only firm, but unyielding and courageous; more

too in others' behalf than in his own. In the last and great act of his life some perhaps will think that he carried his firmness too far, especially when the condition of a child elsewhere would have fully justified him to the world for going to attend upon his dying-bed. There was also another reason which in the public mind would have justified him in leaving by perhaps the 25th of August—the fact that nearly every one if not every one of his own people who had remained were either dead or had passed through the fever. But his meekness is not more capable of defense than his resolution. The Christian pastor is naturally looked to in times of trouble not only by his own flock and the Christian people generally, but by a great many other persons. Where trouble was, there he was always, if wanted. His services, to which some value was attached, were in continued demand. Others were absent, disabled, or dead. There he was by divine providence, and surely if any were called to continue with such as could not leave, and minister to them in their distress, he felt it to be himself. He moreover found himself in a position where the reputation of Protestantism was to be affected by his conduct. In several instances of alarming contagion in cities, the report had been spread abroad, (by

what agency we will not inquire) that the Protestant clergy had fled. Although in no instance had there been more than an example or two—often from a large body—to justify the charge, sometimes not one. Mr. Chisholm believed Protestantism to be the truth of God, and he would not for his life give its enemies an occasion against it. Assuming the Protestant and Romish clergy to be equally moved by compassion for the suffering of others, and equally willing for their sakes to risk personal sufferings and death, there are many reasons which always may render it, and sometimes *must* render it a far more elevated moral triumph in the Protestant pastor to abide at his post. There is no power to *compel* the Protestant pastor to remain. It is a free act on his part. Nor does the creed of his Church teach him the necessity of his office for shriving and anointing the dying, or ministering other ecclesiastical passports to heaven. The Roman Catholic pastor, moreover, has no domestic relations which render his going or staying a matter of entire indifference. He has no wife and daughters imploring him to leave, and saying that if he will not, they will stay and die with him. And more than this, under the despotic government of the Romish Church, if the pastor leaves

the place in which he is put without permission, he is prostrated and broken by episcopal authority. If therefore he would *otherwise* leave, which we neither assert nor would insinuate, he would have to choose between the chances of temporal and the certainty of ecclesiastical death.

But it is evident that Mr. Chisholm was also actuated by motives of regard for the honor of Christianity itself. A censorious world is quick to reproach it in the persons of its ministers.*

But rather than suffer such a reproach, with or without reason, his determination was fixed from

* We have proof of this in the fact that it is not only demanded of resident ministers to remain, but that a few even required ministers from abroad to volunteer. The question has been asked with a lurking sneer, Why, when physicians and nurses, volunteered, no clergymen were found to do the same? The answer is ready and explicit. A call was made for physicians and nurses, and (while we do not diminish aught from the praise due to their philanthropy) they went for a consideration, the former a high consideration in hand, besides the potentiality of fame and fortune. But the clergy had no special fitness to act as nurses, and there was no call made for extra clerical services, nor was there any reason to believe that any peculiar opening existed for them to preach the Gospel, or otherwise be the means of the conversion of souls, but the exact contrary. Had it been announced or believed that there were souls in these cities desirous of knowing what they must do to be saved, with none to tell them, the history of Christianity in all ages, at home and in the prosecution of its missions in pestilential climes, does not leave a doubt who would have been first to rush into the imminent deadly breach without other reward than the salvation of souls. Neither domestic ties, nor parochial contracts or obligations, nor the advertisements for no more to come in to swell the numbers to be nursed and buried, would have kept ministers of the Gospel from Norfolk and Portsmouth.

the beginning; nor did he once waver even when he became convinced that he could not escape the common lot. There is not a particle of evidence that he staid in deference to public opinion, but the contrary; for his peculiar circumstances gave him the opportunity of escaping it; but it is manifest that if public opinion demanded the sacrifice, he was ready to make it for the honor of religion. These remarks have no other design than that of simply justifying the course of the subject of this Memoir under the peculiar and complicated trials which pressed upon him. We feel too deeply that he would exorcise this work of a spirit of censure with an unsparing hand, who was the last himself in life to indulge it against any.

But he was not only firm in his purposes of personal conduct, but in his endeavors to procure substantial relief for his suffering fellow-citizens. Before the country, at least in some places, had been sufficiently roused to a sense of their perishing necessities, his letters were like the notes of a trumpet. They were transferred to the public papers, and made a great impression, and hastened relief.

But we must in conclusion add one other proof of his firmness and resolution where duty called, and which, from unwillingness to give pain, is a *strong*

proof. It occurred in his ordinary pastoral life, which was his chosen occupation and his joy, and it is our pleasure at the end of this Memoir to revert to him as thus engaged. The following letter was addressed to a communicant who had been overtaken in a fault:

"A solemn sense of duty constrains me to address you upon a matter of most painful interest to me, as your spiritual friend and pastor. I refer to circumstances occurring about the ——— season, which involved your name as a professor of religion in great reproach, and which also brought reproach upon the cause of religion, and the Church through your standing as a professing Christian. It is simply in heart-felt sorrow for yourself that I allude to the subject; and that I hereby do, by all the heart-searching and soul-stirring considerations connected with the fear of God and the dying love of Christ; by all that is fearful in doing despite to the spirit of grace; by your own acountability at the judgment-seat of Christ, and by your own peace of mind and hope of acceptance with a holy God, and of the salvation of your soul; which the conduct I refer to jeopardizes: I do affectionately and earnestly entreat that you would exercise repentance before a soul-searching God.

"The time at best is but short, and is often made shorter than we anticipate, by the numberless contingencies which forbid us to calculate upon a continuance of life even to the morrow. What we would do in preparation for eternity, we are admonished to do quickly and with our might; for there is no work nor device nor knowledge nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest. And indeed have you not already of late received an impressive warning to consider and amend your ways before God?

"I sat by your bed-side repeatedly, when the chances of your recovery were exceedingly doubtful, and when the very critical and low state of your system forbade that full and unrestrained conversation between us, which was and which still is, so important.

"My friend, God has been most merciful and long-suffering. Do suffer His goodness and forbearance toward you to have the blessed effect He designed—namely, to lead you to deep and thorough and abiding repentance, a repentance not to be repented of.

"The painful facts to which I refer have, as I already implied, executed a highly injurious effect upon others. They have given occasion to the enemies of religion to sneer and to blaspheme, and to the friends of religion to mourn.

"Until full and open amends have been rendered, or at least attempted for these injuries, it is manifest that the participation of the Holy Communion only perpetuates and increases the offense done to God and to His Church.

"It is, therefore, under a sad sense of duty to my Saviour, to His Church, to myself, and to you, that I advise you, for the present, not to come to the Holy Table of the Lord.

"I would be glad to have personal interviews with you upon the subject of my present communication. Whenever you desire you would find me most ready to act, to the best of my ability, the part of a friend and a pastor.

"As such, I sign myself most sincerely yours."

The circumstances of the preceding letter are such that it can be given without any possible impropriety. There are other letters of like sort, which with the answers to them, would be most instructive to the reader, but the author can not al-

low a line of his private papers to escape which would impair that confidence of security which all persons should safely entertain, when communicating with their spiritual counsellors. These papers abound not only in evidence of his fidelity and success in the administration of discipline, but in his general capacity, usefulness, and happiness in his pastoral office.

Happy the people who had such a pastor! May those who have enjoyed his ministrations be prepared to meet him in the last great Day! Of himself it remains but to add:

"SERVANT OF GOD, WELL DONE!"

"He, being Dead, yet Speaketh."

A DISCOURSE

ON THE

DEATH OF REV. JAMES CHISHOLM,

PREACHED BY REQUEST OF THE VESTRY, DEC. 16, 1855,
IN ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, PORTSMOUTH.

BY

REV. CHARLES MINNIGERODE, D.D.,

RECTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, NORFOLK.

PORTSMOUTH, *Va., Dec. 20th*, 1855.

REV. AND DEAR SIR; The undersigned, members of the Vestry of St. John's Church, return you, in their behalf, and that of the congregation, their humble thanks for the funeral sermon delivered by you on the occasion of the death of their valued and beloved pastor. The discourse was one which truthfully portrayed the character of this eminent minister of Christ, and we are anxious that it should be read by his numerous friends and acquaintances, and that each of us should have in our possession a copy thereof. We therefore respectfully, but earnestly, request the favor of you to furnish us a copy for publication, which we trust you will grant.

Very respectfully and truly your friends, etc.,

JAMES MURDAUGH, WM. G. WEBB,
JOHN G. HATTON, RO. H. CUTHERELL,
CH. A. GRICE, E. A. HATTON,
F. W. LEMOSY.

Rev. CHAS. MINNIGERODE, *Norfolk, Va.*

NORFOLK, *Va., January* 1, 1856.

DEAR BRETHREN: I herewith send you the sermon, a copy of which you have desired for publication.

In submitting my own judgment to your wishes, I am actuated by the belief, that every thing exhibiting the character of so eminent a servant of Christ, is calculated to do good. In the hope that this humble tribute to the memory of our beloved brother, your lamented pastor, may in God's mercy be blessed to many of its readers, I remain, yours affectionately,

CHAS. MINNIGERODE.

DISCOURSE.

HEB. 11 : 4.

"HE, BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH."

I STAND before you by your own request this day. Like the Apostle, "I came unto you without gainsaying, as soon as I was sent for." Need I ask: "For what intent ye have sent for me?" Alas! the circumstances point it out too painfully. When I look around this lovely sanctuary, and see its bright walls darkened by the drapery of mourning, and read in the sable folds of these hangings, the language of bereavement and the cry of lamentation; when I glance over this congregation, and bend my ear to this secret throbbing of each heart, and meet these eyes before whose gaze a misty curtain seems to hang, scarce able to conceal the tears which are welling up in faithful hearts; when I turn round and in this chancel seek the meek

countenance of the man of God, who adorned it from the first day of its existence, and for many years continued here, a father to this Church, a light to every soul searching for the truth, a sympathizing friend to all who sighed for the peace of God, a blessing to this world, to all who knew him in his godly walk and conversation; when I look round, and seek for him *in vain;* oh! then I know the purpose of this meeting, the object of these solemn services.

An orphaned congregation is here, to remember their cherished pastor and prove their loss and their affection by this mark of esteem. Their harps of rejoicing are hung upon the willow with its weeping branches, and, like the Jews by the rivers of Babylon, they sit down and weep as they remember their desolate Zion.

Loving hearts are here, to bid him a solemn farewell whose image fills the recesses of their inmost sanctuary, as lastingly and dearly as the portraits of our sires can fill the walls of our homestead; and who was wound round their affections more firmly and tenderly than ever the ivy can spread its slender tendrils over the cold marble of a crumbling tomb.

Faithful memories are here, which—as in ancient

fable, the vocal statue of Memnon welcomed the first rays of the sun with a sound like the trembling notes of the Æolian harp—will ever respond with a plaintive echo, as his dear name mingles in their thoughts with the sound of the bells which call them to this scene of his ministry.

Anxious souls are here, and wearied spirits, to mourn "as one mourneth for an only son;" and yet to thank God, that His mercy lent them this messenger of peace and truth so long, and left them such endearing and encouraging recollections of his abode among them. You are here, in all your sorrow, to bow before the throne of grace, and honor the memory of your beloved friend by saying, in accordance with his scriptural teaching: "God's will be done!"

Let me join you in this solemn memorial, beloved brethren, and in this sacred hour address to you the word of sympathy and affectionate exhortation. It seems affliction is to bring us near each other. Not many months ago I was in your midst on a similar errand. In that sick-chamber, by that death-bed of his sainted partner, a friendship was cemented between him and myself, which I trust will be perfected in heaven. And as we stood around her remains in this house of God, my breth-

ren, and afterwards united in services sacred to her memory, a mutual sympathy and interest sprang up between us all, which seems to justify our present meeting.* There is a tie between us, a sacred and a hallowed bond of union. Let us pray God to sanctify it to our hearts, that the union, which has commenced in sorrow on earth, may continue in joy in heaven. But now, when a deeper gloom has settled over you, and a darker shadow fallen upon your path; when another grave has been opened, and brought upon you the accumulated affliction of losing at once a friend, a brother, a pastor and a saint, what shall, what can I say?

My very text calls up in its first part the plaintive strain; *He being dead!* Yes, he is dead! the countenance, that beamed with a spirit, for which I find no pattern but in the portrait left us in the Bible of St. John, has passed from our vision. The eye so full of love and earnest piety, and from which his soul looked out upon the world as from the kingdom of heaven that was within him, is

* Reference is made to the death of Mrs. Chisholm. She died 27th February, 1855. I was privileged to visit her in her last illness, and see her peaceful end. After having united with my brethren in the funeral services at St. John's Church, on 1st March, I was requested by the family and the congregation to preach a sermon to her memory in the same church and before the congregation by whom she was so much beloved. This was done on 4th March

closed. The voice which blended, in its defense of truth, the youthful ardor of the sons of Thunder, with the mellowed tones of the maturer years of the Beloved Disciple, when the burden of his every lesson was "love one another," is hushed. The hands, ever ready to fold in prayer to his God, and open in largesses to his suffering brethren, are clasped upon his decaying body. The feet, never weary to carry him to his post of duty, and to visit the needy and the desolate, rest from their labors quietly, until the resurrection morn. The heart, ever alive to the appeals of love and duty, embracing in its comprehensive grasp the whole of our fallen race, and yearning with peculiar attachment for the souls that here are mourning for him; that heart, which gushed forth in responsive movement to the angelic song of "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men:" it is still, and beats no more on earth with heavenly aspirations, and the pulse of Christian charity. God forbid, that I should come here, and chide your sorrow, and bid your tears to cease to flow! No; long will it be, ere the healing power of time can close the wound which God's mysterious providence has inflicted on you all. Long may it be, ere the thought of my sainted brother shall

cease to chasten every hour of gladness and of mirth with the hallowing remembrance of your loss!

Nor am I come to say: "Sorrow not as those who have no hope." Thanks be unto God: there is not a soul before me, that does not see his grave irradiated with the hope of everlasting life; that does not see the crown of glory on his modest brow. Ah! *was not his death itself glorious?* He fell on the field of glory, with the martyr's halo as his diadem! He fell, beloved of all; and many a friend will cry after him, like the bereaved Reformer: "Now is life less dear, and death less bitter." He fell, and all here feel that a prouder monument than stone or brass can rear, is found in the affection and esteem of those he left behind. He fell, the tender shepherd of his flock; who, like his Master, was ready to give his life for them, and not only for those of his own fold. He fell, in the path of duty and thus of safety. He fell, in the hope of a glorious resurrection: all know that he died to wake and rise again; that the foul plague was but the harbinger for him of rest and bliss; that that God in whom he trusted, that Saviour whom he loved, *our God and Saviour*, brethren, have taken him to reign on high. He fell, as he

had lived, a witness to the truth. For in his death the hopes of Christianity have become realities even for such as never before had appreciated them. When that dear brother was laid in the grave, the sternest heart could not but know that this was not his end, but saw his spirit soaring upward, and heard his song of triumph: "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?"

Nor am I come to tell you the story of his life, his birth and youth and studies and his labors; the work of grace in his heart, the ripening of his soul under the Spirit's influence; to count up the years of his ministry and speak of his successes, the spoils of his warfare, the seals to his calling, the travail of his soul. What hearth is there among you, where your beloved pastor's life is not known? what heart, which is not proud to recall his virtues and his graces, and to thank God for his eminent love to this saint? You all have read the notices, which faithful memory has given of him in our papers, the strains of poetry which his death called forth. Other and abler hands than mine are at work, to draw out his picture, and, having known him from the beginning, give to the world a faithful Memoir of this servant of Christ.

I am here to mourn with you, and add my voice

to yours in bidding him farewell. Oh! as I stand here, where all reminds me of my sainted brother, and every thing proves the extent of our loss, I can not restrain the first impulse of my heart, to "weep with those who weep." I too am a mourner. I too have lost him, a friend and a brother, whose love I ever cherished as one of my great privileges; and from whose humble walk of faith and meekness, from whose godly zeal and perseverance, I hope to have learned many an enduring and sanctifying lesson.

"Brother, thou art gone before,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown.
May I like thee depart in peace,
To be a glorious guest—
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest."

But I am here, not only to speak of the dead, but *to the living*. As a minister of Christ, I am charged with a message to you from on high. As a fellow-laborer of my beloved brother, I feel delegated to speak in his name to those he loved so much on earth. I have received the warrant for my message at the mouth of the Lord, who of such as him, saith in the inspired volume: *He, being dead, yet speaketh!*

All the dead speak to the living; whether sending up the wailing tones of warning from the abodes of torment and wo; or sending the cheering voice of encouragement and assurance from amidst the cloud of witnesses to the truth and faithfulness of Christ, the certainty of His salvation, the sufficiency of His grace and spiritual assistance. All speak to the living, and ours it is, to lay it to heart; for such, the one or the other, is the end of all the living. But one who has stood to you in so close and endearing a relation; one who was with you in joy and in sorrow, and pointed you to the way of life which himself illustrated before you all; who in season and out of season brought you in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God: must he not speak more forcibly than all others?

What a proof of our own immortality and spiritual nature it is, brethren, that the dead speak to us, and how certainly may we draw the knowledge of our own continued existence from their continued agency!

> "Can that man be dead,
> Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind?
> He lives in glory! and his speaking dust
> Has more of life than half its breathing moulds."

And what comfort to the heart, mourning in

loneliness and bereavement, that the separation is not only temporary, but is merely apparent? Now, while the eye can not see him: now, while we miss his gentle step, and the cordial pressure of his hand: he is still near you, is with you all, you scarce have lost him: for behold, he being dead, yet speaketh!

He speaketh to you, and *he speaketh through you.* Hear what he speaketh to you; and may the love you bore him and the solemn import of this hour, give power to his words, carry them to your hearts, and bless them to your growth in grace, and the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!

He still speaks to you by his teachings as the minister of reconciliation. He was the herald of Christ, and the spokesman of God's truth; and no uncertain sound did the Gospel give, when preached by him. He laid "no other foundation than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ:" he had "determined to know nothing among you save Him crucified:" he made the redemption through Christ and Him alone, the redemption from guilt through His blood, and from the power of sin by His sanctifying spirit, the centre of all his discourses. He stood as it were by the altar and pointed you to the Lamb

of God, which bled upon it, "to take away the sins of the world;" and baptized his every sermon with the "faithful saying, worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." He taught none other doctrine than that of the Bible: that Christ is our divine surety with God, that for His sake pardon is granted to the sinner, that by faith we lay hold on His promises, and receive the gift of full and perfect justification; that this faith "worketh by love, purifieth the heart, and overcometh the world." With the untaught and the unstable, with the lover of the world and the child of sense, he would reason here "on righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," and speak "the words of soberness and truth." To the sinner conscious of his guilt, and trembling at the just condemnation of God, he would draw nigh with words of comfort and bid them "come to Jesus," lay their sins upon Him, and rise to the new life of faith and love. To the believer he would say: "Let this *mind* be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." "Let *your conversation* be as it becometh the Gospel of Christ." "Let your light so shine before men, that they, seeing *your good works*, may glorify your Father which is in heaven." "Follow after righteousness and peace, and count all

things but loss, that you may win Christ, and that you may know Him and the power of His resurrection. Think not that ye have already attained, either are already perfect, but follow on and press toward the mark of the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Such were his teachings in this pulpit, and such are his teachings to you *now*. He still speaketh to you, brethren, and speaketh the same things which you heard from him here. As you now look after him with longing eyes and yearning hearts, remember he has left you as his dearest legacy his teaching of the Gospel; and adjures you, by all the love he bore you, and all the care and labor he bestowed on you, to hear the truth and "hold it in righteousness." Can any one, now, of those who Sunday after Sunday listened to his preaching, doubt the meaning of the voice with which he still speaketh; or doubt the truth of his message, which, I might say, he has sealed with his blood? Oh! may his language ever find an echo in your hearts, and move the sinner to come unto Christ and be saved. "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light!"

He speaks to you by the sweet and endearing me-

morials of his pastoral career. He was sound as a preacher; plain and pointed in his exposition and application, full of fire and earnestness; but he shared his excellency in the pulpit with a large circle of his brethren in the ministry. *Few ever equalled him as a pastor!* Oh! how the recollections of his pastoral labors must crowd upon you, and continue to fill your minds with his image, and let you hear again his gentle, sympathizing voice, and make you know that "he, being dead, yet speaketh!" That fireside, where he sat down by you and would close the day you had spent in the business of the world with his holy conversation about heavenly things; that family circle, to which he added new charms by bringing Jesus with him as a visitor under your roof; that chair, now vacant, where he would rest his weary limbs and bend in fond affection over your children and tell them of "the holy child, Jesus," or of their sacred vows as early soldiers of the cross, or explain to them the Catechism, and teach them to love religion by teaching them to love its herald; that hour of sorrow, in which he would draw near you with his gentle ways, and lay the balm of sympathy upon the wounded soul, and raise the broken spirit with the comforts of the

Gospel, and bid you "to rejoice evermore and glory in tribulation also;" that sick-bed, where he knelt down with you and prayed for peace and resignation upon the troubled soul, and taught you to commit your all to God, who careth for you; that chamber of affliction, where he dried the tears and quieted the laboring breast, and taught you from the heart to say, "Thy will be done;" oh! are they not all alive with his voice? And as these associations meet you everywhere, and bring his beloved image before your mind, and repeat to you in the whisper of affection the same message which formed the burden of his every sermon, "come to Jesus"—as he thus, though being dead, yet speaketh to you—oh! can any have the heart to say him "*No*"?

He speaks to you by his holy life and Christian example. O brethren! many may preach as well as he did, and some may equal him as faithful and affectionate pastors; but HE WAS THE HOLIEST MAN, THE MOST FAULTLESS CHRISTIAN, I EVER KNEW! He had learned of Christ to be "meek and lowly in heart." He was "a true Israelite, in whom there was no guile," unselfish without parallel, devoted to the glory of God and the good of his fellow-man. He was zealous, with a holy

flame of love, "a burning and a shining light" on the earth, revealing the power of God's gracious spirit upon the depraved heart of man, and testifying his faith and hope in Christ by ever striving to "purify himself even as He is pure." He walked with God, and showed in his thoughts, and words, and actions, that he lived with Jesus. He was faithful in the least, and in the greatest—faithful unto death!

And can such a life and such an example be *lost?* Can death efface it from our minds and deprive it of its powerful effect upon the living? No: blessed spirit! twice blest, in life and in death! He taught us all "the beauty of holiness," and proved the possibility of "living near the cross," and "overcoming the flesh, the world, and the devil." He made us know, what that Scripture means: "For me to live is Christ. The world is crucified to me, and I unto the world; nevertheless I live, yet *not I, but Christ that liveth in me!*" And he still speaketh the same things; and from his glorious seat on high, from his state of profound sanctification, he calls to you in language, which, while he walked on earth, his modesty prevented him from using, and saith: "Be followers together of me, and mark them which

walk so as ye have us for an ensample." Oh! do not, do not, take from him, brethren, this reward of his life; do not defeat the power of such an example of hope, and faith, and love!

This leads me to the last point of my discourse. He being dead, yet speaketh. He not only speaketh *to you*, by his evangelical teachings, by the fond associations of his pastoral care, by his holy walk and conversation, he also speaketh *through you; he speaketh* BY YOU, who are his "written epistles to the world," the declaration of his holy ministry, the fruits of his labor, the seals of his calling. To you, dear brethren, he has bequeathed, in some measure, the honor of his name, the proof of his faithfulness. *Your holy lives*, *your* steadfast faith, *your* godly aspirations, *your* consistent walk—are the language in which he still would speak to the living, the work with which he still would glorify his Heavenly Father. And is the soul here present, that would rob him of "his crown of rejoicing in the day of Jesus Christ," and tarnish the glory of his ministry by turning from the path of wisdom and holiness, which he illustrated by precept and example; that would desecrate the sacred connection in which you stand to him by following the ways

which he abhorred, and rejecting the Saviour, whom he loved and believed in, whom he preached, and lived, and glorified? God forbid!

It may be your intention to rear a monument on the spot where his mortal remains are laid—side by side with the saint who was "a help meet to him" in this life. But *consider*—that a nobler, a prouder, a more lasting monument shall be reared to his name by *the holy lives of those who were his charge on earth.* As the Church of the living God is not built of the hard rocks dug from the quarry, but of believing hearts, saved and sanctified by grace, "the lively stones" of our Father's house of faith—so let his monument be built of *living stones*, of *a whole congregation* that follow their departed pastor in the course of truth and holiness, and faith and love.

God grant it may be so! May his spirit still animate your hearts, his voice still be heard among you, his memory still woo you to the Saviour; and may he, being dead, yet so speak *to you*, and *in you*, and *by you*, that in the last day, when all shall stand before the judgment-seat, he may find you, *all, his own in Christ*, and lead you to the throne of God and say: "Behold I and the children Thou hast given me!"

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